Fit "TripleX" -and be safe TALBOT do

THE SPHERE, JANUARY 30, 1937
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE." 1/-

THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLVIII No. 1932 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JAN. 30 1937

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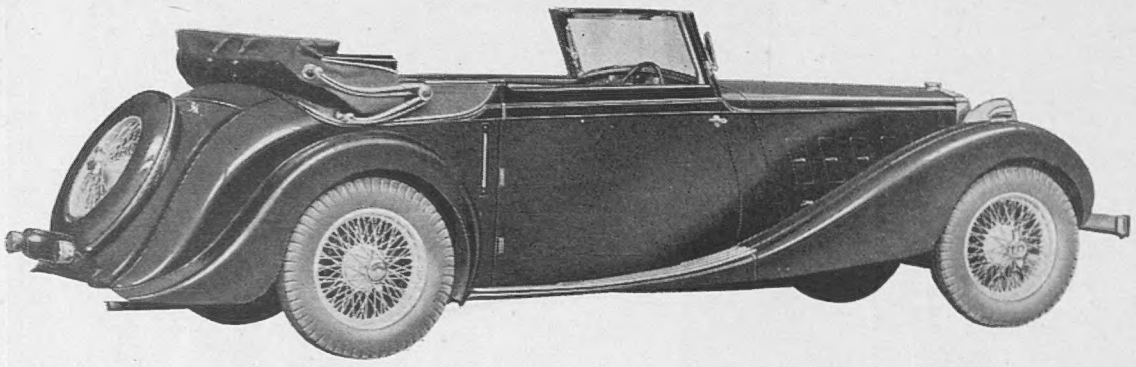

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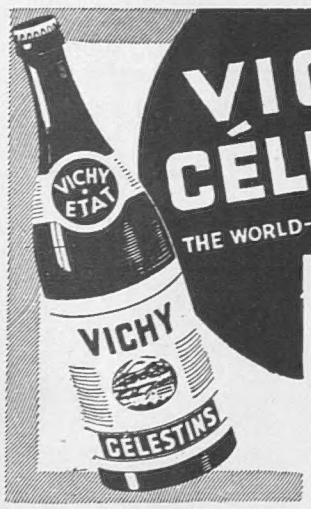

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Statement of Accounts, December 31st, 1936

	£
LIABILITIES	
Paid-up Capital	14,248,012
Reserve Fund	11,500,000
Current, Deposit and other Accounts	488,364,201
Acceptances and Confirmed Credits	11,054,418
Engagements	7,545,855
ASSETS	
Coin, Bank Notes & Balances with Bank of England	52,941,374
Balances with, and Cheques on other Banks	22,092,096
Money at Call and Short Notice	28,687,886
Investments at or under Market Value	127,892,039
Bills Discounted	21,791,113
British Treasury Bills	52,622,885
Advances to Customers and other Accounts	189,516,488
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, Confirmed Credits and Engagements	18,600,273
Bank Premises at Head Office and Branches	8,891,253
Other Properties and work in progress for extension of the business	994,343
Shares in Yorkshire Penny Bank Ltd.	937,500
Capital, Reserve and Undivided Profits of Belfast Banking Co. Ltd.	1,714,989
The Clydesdale Bank Ltd.	3,104,923
North of Scotland Bank Ltd.	2,496,738
Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Co. Ltd.	428,586

The Midland Bank and its Affiliated Banks operate nearly 2600 branches in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, and have agents and correspondents in all parts of the world.

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ADVERTISERS would appreciate your mentioning "THE SPHERE" when replying to their ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, January 30, 1937

The Thames Valley Inundated

Houses Cut Off After the River had Burst Its Banks in the Sonning District and Spread Far and Wide Across the Land

The winter of 1936–37 has been pursuing much the same wayward course as its predecessor, and now come more floods to heighten the similarity. Early this week large areas in Kent, Huntingdonshire, Bedfordshire, Essex, Sussex, and Somerset were under water as a result of swollen streams and rivers bursting their banks, and main roads in several of these counties were rendered impassable to motors. The Thames Valley, however, was the scene of the most spectacular flooding and this was not surprising in view of the fact that on Monday the flow at Teddington Weir was 1,200,000,000 gallons in excess of that on Sunday. Thousands of acres of garden and meadow-land were inundated but fortunately the extent of the floods was more impressive than their depth and it was only at a few points that residents had to employ punts to go from their homes to terra firma. One of the most seriously affected districts was Walton where there was a vast sheet of water nearly half-a-mile across. Meanwhile in the United States, where nothing ever happens by halves, flooding of a much more violent character was taking place, thirteen States being affected and at least 500,000 people temporarily rendered homeless by the rising of the Ohio and other rivers. Conditions reached such a pitch that organised relief was placed on what was described as "a war-time basis"

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

CHURCHMEN OF THE NORTHERN PROVINCE: The Right Hon. and Most Rev. William Temple, Archbishop of York and Primate of England, presiding over the Upper House of the Convocation of York at St. William's College, York, last week when the question of the Church's attitude towards divorce and the giving of the sacrament was under discussion. Left to right:—Bishop of Southwell, Bishop of Wakefield, Bishop of Newcastle, Bishop of Liverpool, Archbishop's Chaplain, Archbishop of York, Bishop of Sheffield, Bishop of Carlisle, Bishop of Blackburn, and Bishop of Bradford

A London Newsletter

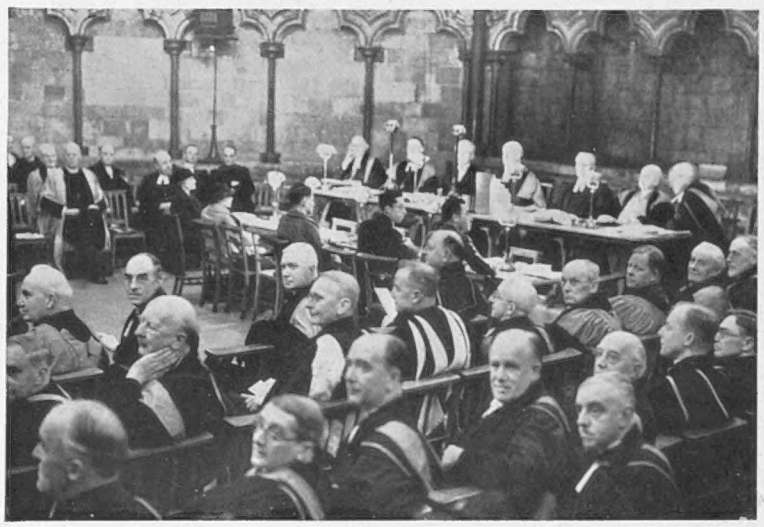
32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4.
Wednesday, January 27, 1937.

MR. EDEN ON GERMANY.

—My remarks last week on Mr. Eden and Germany ("the year of fate") were reproduced with curious exactness in the "leaders" of responsible journals on the day after his foreign affairs review on the opening day of Parliament. In short, Mr. Eden repeated in Parliament the sense of his last utterance on foreign affairs during the recess. The points he made were chiefly addressed to Germany although generally directed to the Governments of Europe. (1) Each nation must be left to decide what form of government best suits the temper and circumstances of its people. (2) Each nation (in present circumstances and until the League is reaffirmed and re-established) must be left to decide what arms are essential for its own safety—though Britain is always ready to welcome a limitation agreement. (3) Herr Hitler has spoken many times of the contributions he is willing to make (or has made) to peace. He is now earnestly invited to table his proposals, to put his cards on the table before the eyes of one player at least who is sympathetic without qualification. It is this third point which matters. There's the rub. It is more than an invitation, it is a challenge. If Hitler is sincere, he must now at last put all his cards down face upwards. He cannot forever play spielman and bogy, terrifying Europe with threats and then suddenly relieving the tension with a word. It is up to Hitler to-day to state his proposals, and to Mussolini to follow suit, at least on such matters as mutually concern Italy and Germany.

A SPANIARD ON ENGLAND.

—I had the opportunity last week to meet again and hear the views of an old friend, a Spaniard who some years ago was living in England, where he made many firm friends. He belongs to the old order, but when the monarchy collapsed through inherent rottenness, he loyally devoted himself not to his class but to his country and has served the Republic ever since. And he has suffered. His family has lost all its possessions, his houses are destroyed, his family securities lost. One or two of his nearest relations by luck had left Spain on holiday just before the trouble began and are alive and destitute in France. Of the rest, he knows that one or two, blameless and old, are in prisons; but of the fate of the majority he knows nothing. He had an adventurous story to relate of his own escapes, and his views on Spain and on England revisited interested me. Despite his own career in Republican Spain, he is convinced that the ultimate salvation of Spain from chaos can only come by the victory of Franco. He believes that Franco, besides being a good general, is a disinterested man and a patriot, and would be capable of sound and impartial reconstruction on conciliatory lines. He does not think that among the existing Government there is any man of sufficient breadth, ability, and vision to remake a broken nation. Then he turned to England and first expressed his intense gratitude for the sympathy and kindness of all his old friends. He was touched that we had not forgotten him and showed so vivid a sympathy in his troubles. But he was not happy about our present attitude to world affairs nor at all confident of our future security. He admitted that the extraordinary (to him) experience of coming back to a country, apparently secure in its institutions, unaffected by the convulsions of Europe, and, in the confident hope of a continuing return to prosperity, spending lavishly on luxuries and shaping its plans on assured foundations, profoundly affected him and may have tinged his views. None the less he confessed that, as a lover of England, he found much to disquiet him in the intellectual outlook of London Society He said: "I find an unexpected flabbiness of mind, an obstinate or lazy unwillingness to face unpleasant facts, a curious and novel national vanity which was not there ten years ago." I interrogated and he crossed his t's. I said that we had some justification for having grown tired of discussing on social occasions the insoluble and chronic problems of Europe, and that we may still feel even if we no longer give expression to our feelings. He thought that we were growing more narrow, as our national egotism swelled with false pride in our own unique position. He feared that we were labelling as a virtue of national character our luck in "muddling through." I instanced our great national effort at reconstruction of our finances and economic structure in the darkest days of the slump. He admitted that effort, but he felt convinced that we had deteriorated in character since then and that short-sightedness, self-centred interests, and vanity, were preparing for us a rude awakening in the not-distant future. His views I think worthy of record.



THE LOWER HOUSE OF THE CONVOCATION OF CANTERBURY in session in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey under the presidency of the Prolocutor, the Dean of Norwich. At this meeting the members considered important resolutions relating to marriage and divorce and, in common with the Upper House, debated the question of whether divorcees should be admitted to the sacraments and to other privileges of the Church

NEW ROADS AND AIR-WAYS.

—In two months' time 4,500 miles of trunk roads will come under direct State control, and Mr. Belisha has announced that in 1937 (the "year of fate" also for the surviving amenities of Britain) he proposes to survey every mile of them and to put dynamic energy into rebuilding them. He will spend £113,000,000 in this way in five years. So ambitious is the scheme, as we already know, that Mr. Belisha is likely in the course of his dynamic effort to add about 1,000 miles to his total of trunk roads. There is hardly a village of any size which he does not wish to by-pass. Of these existing 4,500 miles of trunk roads, the country for a considerable depth on each side has been vulgarised and made hideous. He is prepared to risk the same villainies for the new slashes across the face of England; for whatever powers local authorities may have of controlling development, they have shown no ability or willingness to use them for the preservation of life or amenity. When the £113,000,000 are spent and more of England rendered uninhabitable, many things may have happened. We may have discovered that speed is a main cause of accidents. Or, we may have so much developed the curiously lagging air-mindedness of the nation, that airways will have begun at last quite considerably to reduce road congestion. On the same day on which he announced his great road campaign, the Maybury Commission issued its report on civil aviation, with its proposal for an experimental aerodrome junction scheme, to produce in time a network of air services within Britain. There is a scintilla of logic in the argument that one or other of these two schemes is doomed to failure because they cannot both succeed. If in five years the air service network has justified itself, then the expenditure of £113,000,000 more on trunk roads will have been unjustified and England will have been ruined unnecessarily. If the trunk road development proves to be justified, then Mr. Belisha will have admitted that he never believed in the wide development of air-mindedness in his time. He goes to work with an appalling responsibility upon him. He gambles on a quite unproved contention that badly planned and constructed roads are the *prime* cause of accidents. *Nothing* is yet proved, and since admittedly roads must be reasonably developed and constantly improved, he should work on one vital principle, that as far as possible the existing lines of our trunk roads should not be diverted in these improvements, and that as little virgin country as possible should be brought into the scene of his holocausts.

A UNITED FRONT, OF SORTS

—Labour is not likely to rule again until it has learned to rule itself. That at least must be the rueful opinion of many a sane Socialist. The Socialist League took the place of the I.L.P. when the I.L.P. split, as Labour's propagandist organisation. Now the League has allied itself with the I.L.P. and the Communist party to form a Left Wing United Front. The Labour party will have none of the United Front but retains still within it the Socialist League which, until kicked out, will do what it can to assist its unruly new members inside the sober councils of Labour. It is not satisfactory. The Socialist League, as a unit of the Labour party, henceforth openly admits alliance with those elements which Labour has repeatedly stigmatised as disloyal foes of democratic Socialism. The whole numerical strength of the left-wing parties is small, the largest not more than 7,000, but they make up in lung-power what they lack in man-power. Mr. Maxton's party in Parliament will be numerically the strongest of the new Parliamentary left wing bloc. He has two disciples there. Sir Stafford stands alone and so does Mr. Gallagher for his "party." But T.U. representatives are always liable to come into the camp for special maraudings. Those who are opposed to the Labour movement in any form can congratulate themselves on the new grouping. For they may say that it is trivial and unimportant and in the same breath may assure themselves that, if it have any importance, its influence

will be wholly exerted towards embarrassing and blackmailing the constitutional Labour opposition (which is for ever afraid of left-wing criticism and for ever blushing for the pale-pinkness of its red flag). Labour will rule again and it is healthy politics that it should have its turn. But it will not rule until it has gained in moral courage and cemented a united policy of progress on constitutional lines. The red rag is waved at the National Government Bull, but it is the younger Labour Bull which finds that rag so distracting. The Old Bull calmly continues to graze and takes no notice at all.

CHURCH AND DIVORCE.—It was early days to trounce the Bishops because they debated a motion for excommunicating divorced persons. The motion was debated in the Upper House of Canterbury, and only two Bishops, Drs. Heywood and Furse, supported it. The views of both York Houses and of the Lower House of Canterbury were still to seek at the time when the Church got a wigging in the Press. That was unjust. The Church, like every other institution, has its die-hards, but works by the majority opinion; and the majority opinion of the Church is likely to coincide with the majority opinion of laymen on the subject of Mr. Herbert's Bill. It is not easy for a staunch Churchman to decide to let his heart rule his head. If he do so, he must relax the clear ordinance of Holy Writ. But compromise decides most issues and some of the evils of Court practice to-day are an abomination and steps must be taken to remove them. It is not an isolated instance in the history of Christianity of the adjustment of Christian principles to changing social circumstances, and no principles of the widest application to social conduct which are cast-iron, can ever survive indefinitely. Mr. Herbert's Bill, pared and shorn no doubt, will surely now become law to the satisfaction of Church and State, and will remove some of the ugliest shams of society.

BISHOP AND SONS—LITERARY OUTPUT.—Dr. A. E. Knox, former Bishop of Manchester, died last week just short of ninety. He was born in India in '47. He went up to Corpus and swept the board as a scholar. He was Boden Sanscrit scholar and took firsts in Mods, Greats, Law, and Modern History between '67–'69—something like a record. His stages upwards in the Church were mostly in or near Birmingham and he was appointed Bishop of Manchester in 1903 after holding the suffragan bishopric of Coventry. He wrote a number of books and it would be interesting to compare the literary output of him and his notable sons with that of Archbishop Benson and his notable sons. The Archbishop would, I suppose, win because the publications of "Dodo," Arthur, and Father Hugh are as the sands of the sea, and "Dodo" Benson is still at it. But E. V. Knox (Evoe), editor of *Punch*, and Father Ronald Knox of Oxford have each published a big number of books, and Canon Wilfred of the Oratory House, Cambridge, has seven or eight to his credit. Their sister, Mrs. Peck, has published several pleasant novels. I should say that the Knox family had published a hundred books, not counting pamphlets and tracts. But "Dodo" Benson alone has admitted to publication of seventy-two, and Arthur was quite as prolific, and Hugh hardly a head behind them. The Bensons must be responsible for 200 at least. What a thought! What a record! What a responsibility!

THE AMERICAN FLOODS.—The floods in the Middle West of America have become an annual and seasonal tragedy which the whole world watches with intense sympathy and some degree of wonder. Year after year, when the damage of the year is in some sort repaired, America resolves seriously to tackle the danger and to take steps to prevent the shortsightedness and selfishness of individuals which are believed to increase those dangers. But hitherto results have been inconsiderable and many great cities are at the mercy of the chances of weather. The state of the great City of Cincinnati last week-end had all the elements of hell as conceived by a Poe, and many paradoxes too tragic to have been "dear" to a Chesterton. Water, water everywhere, nor any drop to drink. Water the enemy of fire, 18 ft. deep in the streets and so impregnated with waste petrol, paraffin, and oil that a single struck match might set the city ablaze. That danger was terribly realised when several oil tanks exploded in the industrial city area and a 3-mile frontage of flames carried devastation to houses and factories in its path. This fire was fought by firemen up to their waists in water. Typhoid, pneumonia, and influenza are all reaching epidemic proportions in Ohio, and in the whole of the flood area 350,000 people are said to be homeless. The city of Louisville in Kentucky, with its 300,000 inhabitants, must be totally abandoned. It is a national disaster of first magnitude and on a scale which we in England have not the experience to imagine. The plague or the fire of London alone would rank with it.

THE FREEDOM OF THE AIR.—It is an axiom which none disputes that the freedom of the Press is somewhat restricted by the interests of its principal advertisers. To give a simple example: a journal which relies largely for revenue on dressmakers' advertisements would not publish an honest diatribe against the extravagance of fashionable women in the matter of clothes. But the B.B.C. is not thus fettered in the freedom of its opinions by even oblique considerations of revenue. Not long ago Mr. Alistair Cooke, in a wireless talk, said that listeners "would be far better off reading a book than seeing some of the generally-released films which nowadays are offered to the public." Well, you would say that was an opinion not only sound but unbiassed. A good, old-fashioned, honest-to-God expression of opinion which no sane or educated man could dispute. For where is the "generally-released" film, however good, which could afford a young or old man or woman as much benefit as the reading of (say) Fisher's *History of Europe* or, for that matter, *John Inglesant* or *Lorna Doone?* But even if the opinion be open to question, its expression was surely justified in a land which boasts of liberty of speech and freedom of opinion. If you may not say a thing like that boldly and without fear of a forced recantation, what does this freedom mean? Yet Mr. Cooke was forced to recant, or at least Sir Stephen Tallents apologised for him and the B.B.C., when the Showmen's Association complained to Broadcasting House. It seems that Democracy makes cowards of us all from the Government downwards. But I thought Sir John Reith was a bulwark with the moral courage of a Palmerston and the guts of a Latimer or Ridley.

EMERALD ISLE LEAKAGE.—The dullness of country life, low wages, parental domination, and official pressure to acquire the Irish language are said to be contributory causes of a serious but unascertained leakage of population from the Free State to England. The leakage is constant and many thousands are lost to the Free State every year. There is still an idea in rural Ireland that London (Liverpool, etc.) streets are paved with gold. And indeed many of these Irish girls and youths find their feet and a good living. But it is a "Gilbertian," a "George Birmingham," a Bernard Shaw situation, and one which may well make Mr. de Valera scratch his head and wonder whether it is worth while taking all that trouble to make an Emerald solitaire, a select heaven, when his countrymen still hanker after the gold and earthy dross of once-hated England.

LOCAL RECORDS.—Everybody enjoys keeping records. Some keep shooting records. I am ashamed to say I follow the famous Lord Malmesbury in this respect and have a note of every day's shooting I have enjoyed since September 1901. Also, as I live very much in the country I keep the rain statistics. In 1936 we "enjoyed" 37·38 ins. of rain against 40·45 in 1935. (Four miles away at Petersfield these figures were higher by 4 ins. in 1935.) By January 24 we had already enjoyed 7·53 ins. of rain in 1937! These records (you say) are small beer. True; they are not so lively as records of longevity in which others specialise, but they are more cheerful than road death statistics and (I sometimes think) are not less interesting and instructive than statistics in any other sphere of activity.

THE OLD STAGER

RULERS OF LONDON CITY: Commander Poland, the City Marshal, heading the procession as members of the Court of Common Council walked from Guildhall to divine service at St. Lawrence Jewry before assembling for their first meeting of the year. At an early date in London's history the Common Council was substituted for a popular assembly called the Folkmote, and now from four to sixteen members are sent to it from each ward

WEDDING AT THE FORGE: Mr. Richard Rennison, the "blacksmith-priest," performing a marriage over the famous anvil in the Gretna Green smithy. These ceremonies are made the subject of severe criticism in the report of the Morison Committee on the Marriage Laws of Scotland, which considers they should be prohibited by law. The report further refers to the "spurious air of romance" and denies there is any measure of antiquity about the blacksmith's shop. In the nine years from 1926 to 1935, 2,295 marriages are stated to have been performed there. Of these 1,876 went unregistered

On right—BACK FOR THE EASTER HALF: Boys walking through the streets of Eton when the college reassembled last week for the new term. At Christmas sixty-nine boys left and the newcomers number fifty, bringing the total in school to 1,144. This is lower than usual, but is balanced by the fact that in the summer there will be a big influx

FROM TWO CONTINENTS

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS: Captain Dreyer (right) of the *Venus* and Captain Torkildsen (facing camera) of the *Trym* at luncheon together after the nineteen members of the crew of the *Trym*, a 1,900-ton Norwegian steamer, had been rescued in dramatic circumstances as their ship was sinking in a raging North Sea gale. The *Venus*, a motor liner of 5,400 tons, took the men to Newcastle

Top on right—BECAUSE OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE FIRE the venue of the sixty-ninth National Show of Cage Birds—the largest and most important display of its kind in the world—was changed to Dorland Hall, Regent Street. This blue and yellow macaw, seen making friends with a visitor, was one of the 4,000 exhibits, many of which were valued at as much as £500. The freak entries were a great source of interest, particularly the budgerigar with the two tails and the twin budgerigar cocks hatched from the same egg

TAKING THE BIG PLUNGE: A spectacular sight at Devonport as a number of "shear-legs," some of them many tons in weight, were thrown into the harbour, evidently at the end of their period of usefulness. Shear-legs, consisting of hollow metal poles with block and tackle fixed at the apex, are widely used in naval stations, as it is possible to assemble them easily and quickly at points where a steam-driven crane could be placed only with difficulty

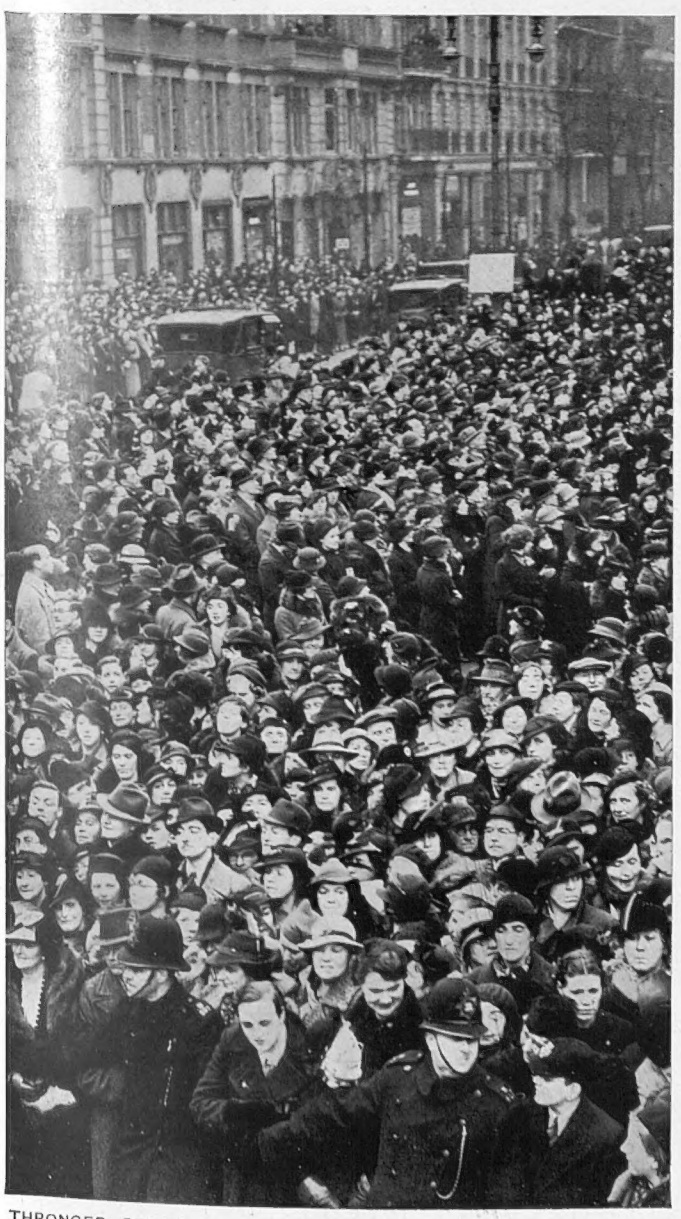
THE UNWANTED WANDERER IN THE NEW WORLD: Leon Trotsky (left), who was recently compelled to leave Norway, and has now found a refuge in Mexico, pictured with his wife and Diego Rivera, the artist, in the grounds of his Mexico City home. It was largely through Rivera's efforts that the former Bolshevist leader was given sanctuary

DAYLIGHT MURDER IN PARIS: Detectives searching for clues through the undergrowth of the Bois de Boulogne after Dimitri Navachin, eminent Soviet economist, writer, and one time head of the Soviet Bank in Paris—friend of the Russians on trial for their lives in Moscow—had been done to death near this spot. It was stated in one report that Navachin had proof of the innocence of the seventeen men charged by Stalin with plotting against the régime. At first it was believed that he had been shot, but it was later established that what had been taken to be bullet wounds were in all probability caused by a thin double-edged instrument of the swordstick type

PREMIER DUKE WEDS

The Duke of Norfolk's Marriage at Brompton Oratory

LEAVING FOR THE ORATORY: The Hon. Lavinia Strutt, daughter of Lord Belper by his first marriage with the present Countess of Rosebery, followed by her father as she left her home in Berkeley Street for her wedding to the Duke of Norfolk. Her gown of gleaming silver tissue set off her fair colouring to striking advantage



THRONGED BROMPTON ROAD: A glimpse of the crowd that gathered outside the church to witness the arrival of the bride and bridegroom. Elaborate plans for controlling the traffic were prepared, direction signs being placed on every lamp-post for more than a mile

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK AND HIS DUCHESS leaving the church after their wedding last Wednesday—an event that evoked enormous public interest in view of the bridegroom's position as Premier Duke, as Earl Marshal, and as head of the noblest Roman Catholic family in the country. The couple received a host of presents including a portrait of the Duke in hunting attire by Oswald Birley—a gift from a group of friends headed by the King and Queen. Queen Mary sent a pair of blue and gold enamelled cuff-links, set in diamonds with the Royal ciphers "G" and "M"

SOME OF THE BRIDAL ATTENDANTS whose dresses appropriately incorporated the Duke's racing colours. There were six bridesmaids: Lady Katherine and Lady Winifride Howard, Lady Anne Bridgeman (daughter of the Earl of Bradford), the Hon. Pamela Digby, Miss Gillian Drummond, and Miss Nancy Malcolmson. The young pages wore suits of pale blue satin piped with scarlet

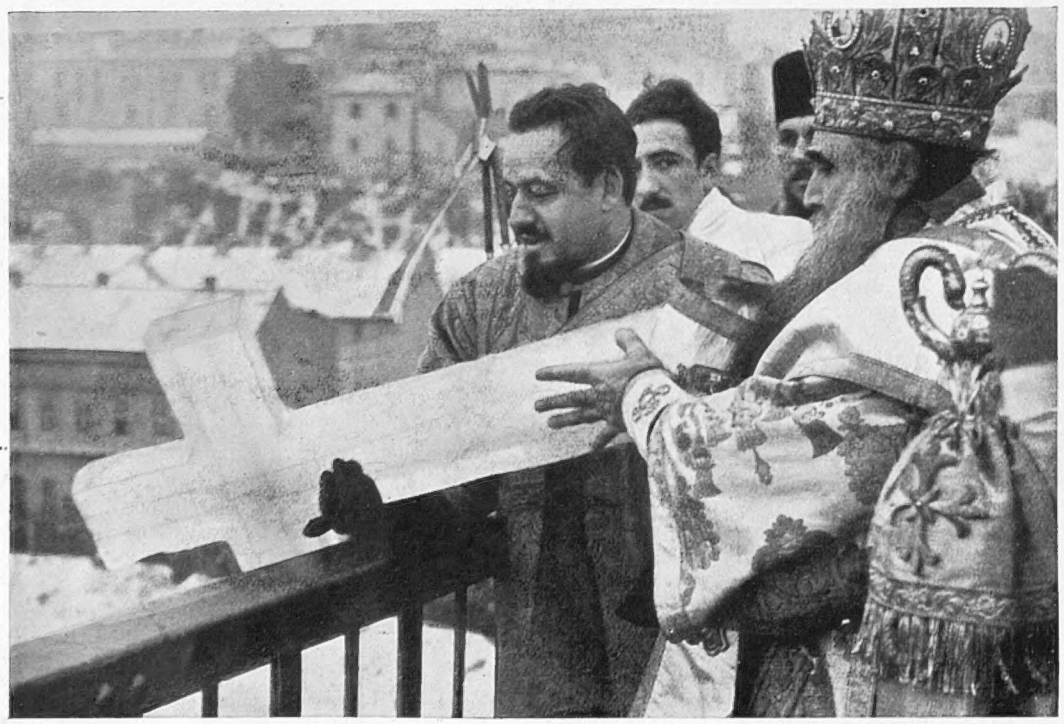
HISTORY IN THE MAKING

ROYAL RELAXATION: King Leopold of the Belgians reading a newspaper in the interval when he attended the Theatre du Parc, Brussels. Ever since the death of Queen Astrid, His Majesty has been unremitting in his appearances on official occasions, but it is noticeable that he is now also seen more often at less important events

THE DUCE ON SKIS: Signor Mussolini with his son Romano at Terminillo, in the Apennines, where he has been spending a brief but highly energetic winter sports holiday, devoting the greater part of the day to exercise on the ski-ing slopes

THE "OLD GUARD" IN THE TOILS: Sokolnikoff (seen on left with his wife) former Ambassador in London, and Radek (*above*), once the Kremlin's mouthpiece on foreign affairs—the chief defendants in the Moscow treason trial

28,000 DOLLARS RANSOM was demanded of Dr. W. W. Mattson (*above*), of Tacoma, Washington State, by the kidnappers of his 10-year-old son. He was willing to pay but his hopes were brutally dashed when the mutilated body of the boy was found

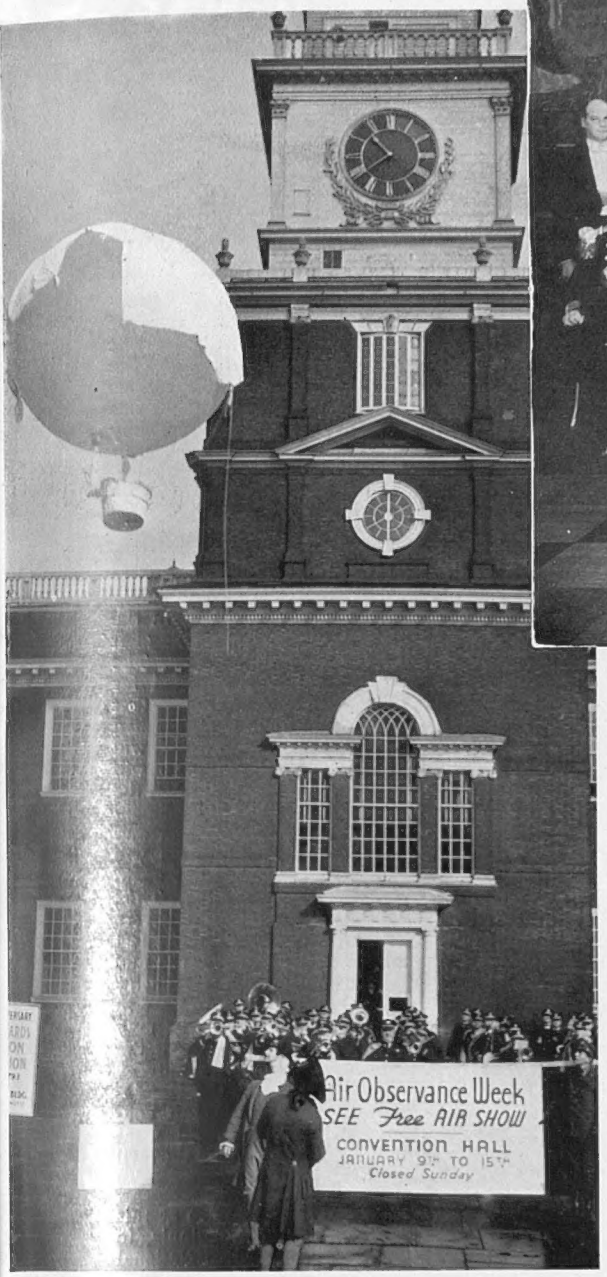


SPARTANS FOR THE FAITH: Monsignor Warnawa, Archbishop of Pec, Metropolitan of Belgrade, and Patriarch of the Serbs, about to throw a consecrated cross of ice into the River Sarve at the picturesque annual religious ceremony of blessing the waters which was held in Belgrade last week. The cross was thrown from the new bridge and, in accordance with tradition, a number of devout members of the Church, boldly defying the intense cold, jumped into the water and attempted to bring the sacred symbol to land

AUTONOMY IN THE LEVANT: Kheir-Eddine-El-Ahdal (second from) members of his newly formed Cabinet pictured during a formally taken office. The republic was part of French September, but since then it has been self-governing and Nations. The capital is Beirut, the chief seaport and

A PICTORIAL RECORD OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE ROYAL WEDDING IN COPENHAGEN: The official group taken after the wedding of Princess Alexandrine Louise, youngest daughter of Prince Harald, brother of the Kings of Norway and Denmark, to Count Luitpold Alfred, only son of Count Otto of Castell-Castell and a member of a Bavarian family which from the year 1205 to 1806 ruled over a sovereign county of the Holy Roman Empire. On the right-hand of the bride and bridegroom are Prince Harald and Princess Helene, the bride's parents, and on the left-hand, the Count and Countess of Castell-Castell. On the extreme left of the picture is the aged Prince Valdemar of Denmark, brother of the late Queen Alexandra, and on the extreme right are the King and Queen of Denmark



ONE OF THE EVENTS OF AIR OBSERVANCE WEEK AT PHILADELPHIA was the release of a miniature, hydrogen-filled balloon to mark the occasion of the 144th anniversary of the first lighter-than-air ascent made in the United States

FROM THE SPANISH FRONT: *Left*—Colonel Castegon pictured a few moments before he was injured when directing the attack by rebel troops on a Government munition dump on the outskirts of Madrid. *Right*—Insurgents holding a position on the Hill of the Angels, a key point to the south of the capital where fierce fighting has been going on. A few days ago the reds captured it but were unable to keep their ground

left), the new Prime Minister of the Lebanese Republic and official call on the Patriarch Arida (centre) after they had Mandated Syria until the si·ning of the Franco-Syrian treaty last no doubt, in course of time become a member of the League of mercial centre; while almost rivalling it in importance is Tripoli

GENERAL GÖRING AT CAPRI: The Prussian Premier and Reich Air Minister, informally clad in plus-fours, walking in company with Crown Prince Umberto during his tour of the famed island in the Bay of Naples. He spent some days in the south, also visiting Sorrento, Amalfi, and Pompeii, eventually returning to Rome for another talk w th Signor Mussolini before leaving for Berl·n. After General Göring's departure satisfaction was openly expressed in Italian diplomatic circles with the result of the conversations between the two leaders

JANUARY BRIDES AND GROOMS: *Left*—The Hon. Francis Stewart-Mackenzie of Seaforth, son of the Earl and Countess of Midleton, and Miss Margaret Lyell, only daughter of the late Major the Hon. Charles Lyell, posing for a picture in the Mercers' Hall after their wedding in the Mercers' Chapel, Cheapside. *Right*—Mr. Paul Boggis-Rolfe and Miss Juliet McLeod were married at St. Margaret's

AT ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE: Mr. F. A. V. Parker, the Rifle Brigade, son of the late Captain W. Parker and of Mrs. Hardman-Jones, was married to Miss Pamela Farmer, daughter of the late Mr. C. G. E. Farmer and of Mrs. Morris Waddington, the Bishop of Whitby officiating. The bride wore a dress of cream and gold

SIR GODFREY BARING, of Nubia House, Cowes, and Miss Brenda Blake, daughter of the late Canon Blake, of Shanklin, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square, Mr. Charles Baring acting as best man for his father. The bride received a gift from Princess Beatrice

THE CHARM OF WHITE VELVET: The Hon. Hubert John French, seventh son of the fourth Lord De Freyne and uncle of the present holder of the title, leaving Brompton Oratory with his bride Miss Mary Hasslacher. They are spending the honeymoon in Italy

Wedding Bells in London

Rearmament Slows Up

CIVIL AVIATION

As Designers and Engineers Concentrate on the Perfecting of Deadly Fighting Machines

SINCE the beginning of last year the whole aspect of world aviation has been dominated by almost universal rearmament and the building up of air fleets under high pressure.

In England this has led to sterilisation of the development of civil transport aircraft. Exceptions are the Short Empire boats, the new Armstrong Whitworth liners for Imperial Airways, and the De Havilland land machines for the Atlantic crossing, all of which are instruments of Empire policy and sponsored by Government.

As a result of this sterilisation British Airways, which actually receives a Government subsidy for Continental mail services, has been forced to buy Junkers air liners of obsolete type from Germany and to order new machines from the United States which country is sufficiently far removed from the hatreds and alarms of Europe to retain some sense of proportion and keep the wheels of civil aircraft manufacture turning.

Not that British designers are incapable of producing modern transport machines in the highest class, but military requirements have absorbed the capacity of factories, and civil machines of excellent promise which were under construction have been diverted to military use with more or less modification to make them suitable for warlike purposes. Such machines are the twin-engined Avro 652 monoplane, which was originally built for Imperial Airways, but which is now, under the name of the "Anson," being supplied in quantity to the Royal Air Force for coastal reconnaissance duties, and the Bristol 142 air liner which as the "Blenheim" is now being built in large numbers as a bomber. This machine is claimed to be the fastest bomber in the world, and although official figures are a close secret, appears to fly at somewhere about 300 m.p.h.

These are two examples of the diversion of civil machines from a pacific to a warlike role. There are a number of other designs which have had to be laid aside in various stages of construction because the makers are overwhelmed by military orders, or are not prepared to face the risk and cost of producing and launching a new type on the civil market and prefer to make certain of the safe monetary return from Government orders.

The effect of rearmament is already apparent in the fact that air line machines of British design and manufacture are not available and that British Airways, a Government subsidised concern, has had to go to Germany and America to replenish its flying stock. How much more serious is the effect likely to be in the British Dominions just at the time when civil aviation and air transport are really beginning to expand. Naturally the Dominions will buy in the best alternative market, namely the United States, where they can be sure of getting deliveries.

The sterilisation of civil development is not peculiar to Great Britain. It is apparent in other countries. But because of the individual importance of the constituent members of the British Commonwealth of Nations the reactions of rearmament on the British aircraft industry and civil aviation in the Empire will be much more serious than in other countries. There has already developed a tendency to buy foreign transport machines in Australia and South Africa and also, though perhaps because of her propinquity to the U.S.A., in Canada.

The fact that British constructing firms are fully occupied on orders for military machines means simply that the commercial market in the British Commonwealth is being left wide open to the United States. The substance is being exchanged for the shadow, for everyone knows that once rearmament is an accomplished fact the orders for military craft will rapidly shrink and a slump will attack the industry as it did after the war 1914-1918. Even if a war should break out it cannot last for ever and whatever the result the time will come when the swords must again be turned into ploughshares. Then will come a slump even more severe than that experienced after the last war and faced with idle works and unemployed operatives the industry will be forced to rely, at least in part, on the civil market. It may then be too late. Just as the American motor car makers captured the automobile trade in the Dominions so the American aircraft constructors will have obtained what amounts to a monopoly of the civil aircraft trade.

The signs are plain to see at this moment. Australia is beginning to buy American. Australian National Airways have already bought two Douglas air liners and a third is on order and Air Lines of Australia and Guinea Airways have recently bought American flying stock. Even the military market in Australia is passing to America for the Australian Minister of Defence recently announced that he is ordering forty machines, mostly of American general purpose types, from the Commonwealth Aircraft Corporation, a newly formed concern.

Rearmament will set back progress in civil aircraft design just as much as it has already set back British influence in the Dominion and foreign markets for civil aircraft. All energies are becoming centred on the military aspect of flying just as they were in the war 1914–18. Then the demand for performance and yet more performance was met by the application of more and more engine power. Economy of operation was of no consequence and safety was at a discount. Military considerations were paramount and the progress of aviation from the civil aspect received a setback from which it has only recently recovered. To-day history is beginning to repeat itself.

C. D. Palmer

AIR TRAFFIC OF THE NATIONS

The following figures were compiled in 1936 and refer to the regular air services (domestic and foreign) of the seven countries responsible for the bulk of commercial flying

	Miles Flown	Passengers Carried	Goods and Mails Carried (tons)
U.S.A.	48,786,551	561,370	5,006
Germany	8,862,766	165,846	3,927
France	6,041,236	50,019	1,538
Canada	5,169,550	103,531	6,726
Great Britain	4,560,000	135,100	1,423
Italy	2,735,930	40,930	913
Netherlands	2,711,647	57,339	986

A Little-known and Unrecorded Nattier

The Eminent Court Painter's Portrait of Princess Henriette, daughter of Louis XV

This magnificent portrait of Princess Henriette of France, which has never been reproduced in any life of the artist, and the existence of which has in modern times been known only to a few, was recently brought to the attention of the Paris art world by M. Cailleux, an expert on eighteenth-century French painting. It is without doubt one of the finest works of Jean Marc Nattier, who secured the patronage of Louis XIV and in the reign of his successor painted with rare skill many of the ladies of the Court. The picture, which is in an excellent state of preservation, is outstanding for its brilliant orchestration of colour, the sitter, wearing a white satin dress draped with a taffeta shawl of a striking pale blue, being posed against a faint landscape background. The cheeks are well rouged and give prominence to the beautiful eyes and the lightly powdered fair hair. The Princess, whose life was neither a long nor a happy one, was the daughter of Louis XV and the twin sister of Princess Louise-Elizabeth who in 1739 married Don Philippe of Spain. Henriette died in 1752 at the age of twenty-five following a short illness and, as certain historians say, possibly as a result of a broken heart at her father's refusal to consent to her marriage to the Duke of Chartres. Nattier executed three portraits of her and this is the second of them, being signed and dated 1746 when she was nineteen years old. Among the artist's best-known works are "The Magdalen" at the Louvre, "Marshal Saxe" in the Dresden Gallery, and "Marie Leszczinska," consort of Louis XV and daughter of the deposed Stanislaus of Poland, in the Wallace Collection

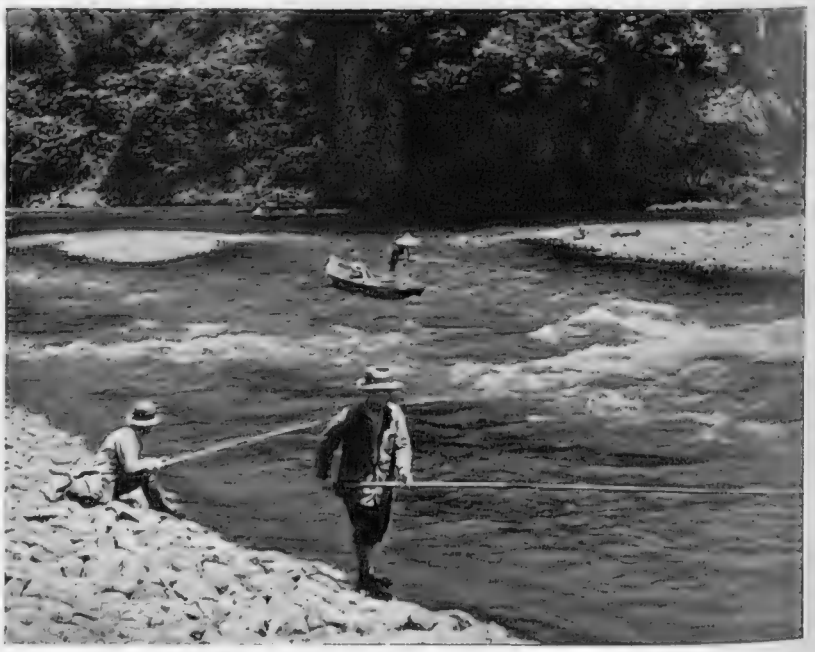
WILD WATERS: Fishing in one of the mountain torrents of Japan—a favourite week-end pastime of the middle classes who would seem to have an in-born aptitude for handling a rod and line, as well as the necessary quality of patience

Anglers of Japan

A Nation of Fishermen

From ancient times the Japanese have been great fishermen. The seas that encircle their many coasted islands teem with fish, and the rivers and mountain torrents offer facilities for sport rivalling those in Scotland and British Columbia. Trout, salmon (locally known as shake), mackerel (saba), tunny (maguro), prawns (ebi), sole (karei), eels (unagi), and carp (koi) are found in greatest abundance, but altogether Japan can lay claim to at least 400 edible varieties. The methods of angling differ but little from European practice

A girl engaged in trout fishing in a beautiful upland lake district of Northern Japan



Anglers enjoying a day's sport in one of the rushing rivers of Hokkaido

By Lake and River

A SPHERE SURVEY

RED-LETTER DAY IN ROME: A priest blessing doves outside the San Antonio church, one of many churches in the Italian capital where, in accordance with religious tradition, ceremonies of this kind took place on St. Antony's Day, Sunday, January 17. St. Antony the Great, not to be confused with St. Antony of Padua, is the patron saint of swineherds

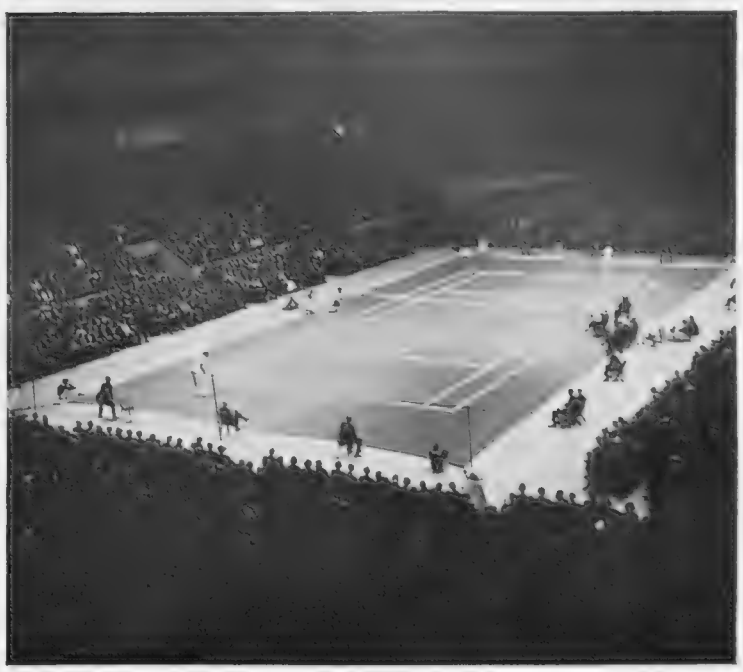
R.A.F. MEN IN THE REICH: Last week four officers of the Royal Air Force, headed by the Chief of the Air Staff, Air Vice-Marshal C. L. Courtney, paid a visit to the German Air Force on the invitation of General Göring, the Reich Air Minister and Prussian Premier, and they are seen here during an inspection of the War Academy at Gatow, near Berlin. General Wenniger (third from right) is pointing out some feature of interest

MORE MASS MARRIAGES: The scene in the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli in Rome when 2,620 couples were united in holy matrimony at the same time, each receiving a grant of money from the State. It is all part of Signor Mussolini's plan to send the birth-rate soaring

POLITICAL SCHOOLMA'AM: Agnes Smedley, a former Colorado teacher who has long been associated with left-wing movements in Asia, was recently reported to have been engaged in conducting radio propaganda to unite under the red banner disaffected Chinese military units

PERSONALITY ON THE AIR: Mlle Gitta Natter was recently acclaimed by the vote of Hungarian listeners-in the most popular member of the staff of Radio Budapest and as her reward was sent on a free trip to London. Surprising though it may seem, she is an announcer, not a performer

PUTTING THEIR HEADS TOGETHER: J. B. Gamarnik, Red Army Commissar of the First Rank; A. Jegorov, Field-Marshal and Chief of the General Staff of the Red Army; and Field-Marshal Blucher, Commander-in-Chief of the Red Banner Army of the East, in earnest conversation before the opening of the Eighth Special Session of the Soviet Congress held recently in Moscow. Blucher has a fast-growing reputation and is to-day one of Russia's popular idols



PERRY'S VICTORIOUS DEBUT BEFORE A CAPACITY CROWD: The scene in Madison Square Garden, New York, as the Wimbledon champion of 1934, 1935, and 1936 made his first appearance as a professional lawn tennis player, defeating Ellsworth Vines (foreground) in convincing style by 7—5, 3—6, 6—3, 6—4. Every seat in the immense arena was filled

A SACRED CITY OF ISLAM: Veiled women before one of the mosques of Fez in the heart of French Morocco

FRENCH "Co

IT is scarcely possible to interpret Mediterranean happenings, prospects, or undercurrents without being acquainted at least in the round with French North African conditions. Nor is the desirability of such knowledge rendered the less by gentlemen's agreements or by the discovery that the Prussian Guard is not hidden away in the Riff. The farther side of the Mediterranean boils; it is rare territory; and we have as likely heard the last of it as of Sir John Reith.

German-Italian-Moscow-Franco are all in the story, to say nothing of Islam and the Jews and France and Great Britain. I, for one, am not believing too utterly utterly in admirable professions of complete disinterestedness, come these from Olympus itself. Perhaps it is not yet the moment, or somebody may have over-reached himself.

It is safe to start off with the triple statement that,

France made these places;
She is in a varying mess in them;
She will not give them up without a fight.

The French squared things with the Bey of Tunis over fifty years ago and exercise a protectorate, in all spheres, considerably more accented than ever ours was in Egypt. Marshal Bugeaud descended on a barren and barbarian Algeria just over a hundred years ago; to-day Algeria forms three departments of France proper, sending deputies to Paris. Morocco is by comparison a quite young story. Last April I stood on the spot, in the centre of modern Casablanca, where General d'Amade (still living) pitched his H.Q. tent in 1907 prior to reducing the small and wild Moorish port. Not till 1912 did General Lyautey sign final articles with the Sheriffian authority, and not until 1934 did the last outlying tribe make its submission beyond the Great Atlas. By general expert consent, the French subjugation and opening up of Morocco could not have been bettered.

IN THE COOL OF THE PATIO: A glimpse of the inner courtyard of a typical Moroccan home

The respective populations of the three possessions are: Tunis, 2,411,000 of whom perhaps 60,000 are French-born, but over 100,000 Italian; Algeria, 7,184,000 of whom 800,000 are Europeans but not more than a third of French origin; Morocco, 5,505,000 of whom some 100,000 are French, including army cadres, over half the civilians being at Casablanca. To conclude with statistics: French North Africa counts all told 15,000,000 and this population raises France, numerically for fighting purposes in Europe, from 42,000,000 to 57,000,000, or notably ahead of Italy if still 9,000,000 short of Germany. When there is loose talk of France ceding North African territory, one need hardly bother further than to instance this man-power side. Of France's official standing Army of 29,478 officers and 642,397 men, 5,120 officers and 118,811 men are listed as North African.

One supposes the Algeria visited in 1913 represented the then most advanced point of development reached under the French and it was hardly developed at all, by present standards. The Arabs were sunk in a primitive native economy that suited their indolence; emancipation talk had not been born; foreign propaganda and undermining, nil; in fact, a thoroughly kushi, "age of innocence" business for an unchallenged top dog.

The war and after altered all that. The "Sidis" were brought over to the western front in their tens of thousands,

and they had a different idea of white men—and white women—when they returned to their villages and farms, from Sousse (Southern Tunis) round to Agadir. Some returned politically roused in a muddled, faint way. Yet such matters might not have greatly disturbed had not "la Métropole" (France) perpetrated something more vicious and lasting in the form of mad, myopic exploitation of all three possessions. It has been justly said that if the French can subjugate a native country better than any others, they experience difficulty in colonising it, in "making it go." The army in occupation is splendid, but try and take it away.

Our friends are culpable on several heads. Individually, as "colons", they do not intend to stay, and the natives know it. Big money in the form of consortiums proceeds to run everything from back in "la Métropole", the possession being viewed far too much from the standpoint of what dividends it can bring to Frenchmen at home. Uncontrolled capitalism can seldom have torn things more glaringly than in these fertile, young latitudes, straining to get going with an African civilisation, or with their part in this.

One hears a lot of the mise en valeur of this and that territory. Seldom is this "put to value" for the benefit of the native.

Another serious error has to do with over-centralisation in Paris which appoints, or influences the advent of all functionaries, and "pivotal" people, generally; never letting go of the administrative machine—and when French governments succeed one another with the rapidity they have done since the war, it is easy to name the effect. A grievous absence of administrative continuity shows itself in North Africa as, now a Right Government in Paris, now a Left, proceeds to put its men in the colonial key posts.

I said the French found difficulty in making a colony "go." They made their North African possessions "go" like the very deuce for a few years during which foresight and moderation (mésure) were thrown to the winds. Those Parisian consortiums acted as if they beheld just one elongated Klondyke on the other side of the Mediterranean. Billions of francs were poured in the years 1920-30 into vineyards, mines, transport, livestock, harbours, oil, cereals, fruit, building and "embellishment," and local industries. Everything was equipped to beat the band. The three territories shot freakishly ahead, and none to warn

LON" AND ARAB INDIGENE

A Survey of the Strained Internal Situation in France's Much-Coveted but, to Her, Costly North African Possessions

BY FERDINAND TUOHY

that the boom twenties were very far indeed from constituting a normality destined to endure. The "Sidis" were fairly wrenched from their laze and sucked into the transplanted European economics.

Came the world dislocation. I was in Tunis at New Year, 1931, when the Protectorate began to take the knock. The Arabs had first-rate produce for export—fruit, cereals, oil, wine, minerals—but progressively they saw markets contract and contract. A victim (or supposed victim) of "overproduction," France could now take next to nothing. There was worse than that. She refused to allow Tunis to export to other countries where such exporting cut across a market already fed by France herself. A more criticisable colonial policy there could hardly be, yet it held varyingly through Algeria and Morocco as well. In Algeria, bubbling with excellent wine, the wholesale destruction of

MECCA OF THE SICK: The hot springs of Sidi Harazem, near Fez, which are said to have remarkable curative properties. Many thousands of the infirm flock there every year

vineyards was ordered in response to pressure exerted in Paris by deputies of the competing Narbonne wine-growing country.

The out-of-work "Sidis" looked on. And the buzz in the bazaars and souks mounted. They had been better off in the old days, when life cost next to nothing. Now, here it was, complicated and requiring constant wages, while the acquisitive appetite had meanwhile been whetted. In Tunis, the Muslim Nationalist leaders were flatly telling the French Residency: "You came here, you said, to help us. We are worse off now than when you arrived. So you had much better go." These fervents may have been put up to it by Italian Fascism yet there was an unpleasant degree of truth in what they said.

This article has perforce to flit from one territory to another over great distances. In the main, kindred economic and social symptoms are common to all three, if certain aspects be more pronounced in one quarter than in another. Similarly, direct causes of French nervousness vary. For instance: it may be so that Mecca, Cairo, Syria, Turkey, combine to urge the Tunisians towards racial self-realisation (as this Muslim quartette is no less active in Algeria and Morocco) yet the chief French preoccupation in Tunis remains Italy. The Libyan frontier as organised for defence deep in the sand may be safe enough, but the vital naval port of Bizerta, commanding all this sector of the Mediterranean, lies barely an hour away from Sicilian aerodromes.

In Algeria, the principal fear is of a native rising—I see that M. Daladier is doubling the Garde Mobile, specialist corps for dealing with riots. Trusty darkies from Senegal are also being imported, while M. Cot has arranged for the second of two parachute units to be located in this enfevered section of France Outre Mer. With tribes in revolt, parachute action could be decisive.

Algeria is much more advanced than either of the other two. The Arabs have imbibed deeply of alien ideologies in latter times and they demand (a) French citizenship; (b) equal pay and treatment to Europeans; (c) the franchise. They are hostile to the French "colon" many of whom can be grasping enough (only grapes as remuneration for a day's picking in the vineyards at Oran, and the equivalent of fourpence for twelve hours labour at Marrakech until the present Resident fixed a minimum of tenpence) . . . the Algerians are bitter towards the French colonists but their bête noire is the Jew. The Jews were along this coast in the dim past and the occupying Power granted them French citizenship as long ago as 1870, whence this race has only grown in influence due in great measure to its holding all and sundry in the toils by moneylending, a vice and weakness par excellence of Algeria. The start of an insurrection by the way of pogroms is no alarmist piece of theorising.

Paradoxically, right in the van of local Communism are the young Jews who have divested themselves of all religious ritual and belief in favour of the gospel according to Lenin. A further odd twist has to do with the prevalence of a distinct Muslim weakness for Hitler, for his having so crushingly trodden the Jew under. To come upon the swastika painted on the walls of farmhouses is not uncommon, while films showing Nazi personalities or activities are apt to be applauded.

Prepare for two even stranger twists in to-day's Algeria. Beside the young Jewish reds are to be found the bulk of the smaller French functionaries sent out from France—school teachers, postal and rail officials, and the like. Secondly, most of the French colonists have become Fascists, even to giving the salute at public gatherings. So you see what a tangle it is.

The "colons" could muster a militia of a kind, 150,000 strong, in the event of a rising. They have their own aircraft, reviewed by de la Rocque last summer. Nowhere is the Colonel stronger than here. Did a French Fascist coup ever befall it might well be launched in Algeria.

Oran, for its proximity to Spain, is perhaps the "reddest" district and here the fascisticised colonists are said to be able to muster 50,000 under the style of the "Rassemblement Général," leader, the Abbé Lambert, a remarkable demagogue. The colonists have been in the habit of bringing in their farmhands to swell the attendance at demonstrations, but too often are the Arabs wont to slip away, later to be found, right fist upraised, in Communist counter demonstrations. There is small doubt where the average Algerian stands. He is becoming something of a nightmare to the "colons" who do not so much fear stay-in strikes on their farms as the conceivable burning of these and the running amok of the Arabs, possibly aided and abetted by some at least of the Algerian regiments. Not that arms would be an urgent requirement. A saying goes that arms now pass surreptitiously from hand to hand in Algeria as lightly as do cigarettes in a Paris café. The "sawed-off machine gun" from Japan is spoken of as a special favourite on account of its low price and efficacy. But the landing of arms and ammunition goes on all the time, night after night in hidden little bays and creeks

(Continued on page 188)

THE FASTNESSES OF THE HIGH ATLAS: An aerial view of the rugged mountain country in French Morocco where France fought for so long before finally subduing the independent-spirited tribesmen three years ago

FROM STATELY AVENUE TO SHAMBLES: A typical scene of desolation in a street on the outskirts of Madrid. In the foreground a Moorish legionary stands near the bodies of slain Government supporters

A SANDBAG-PROTECTED TRENCH ON THE MADRID FRONT violent assaults, incurring heavy losses. The tank which fell into

THROUGH RED SPAIN TO MALAGA

The Second of a Short Series of Articles By ROY ELSTON

JANUARY 22

THE insurgents are having a shot at that part of red Spain which lies south of Valencia, with Malaga as the key position. It is magnificent country to ride over in the leisure of a late-summer holiday, with a pack-mule at the rear; but God help those who have to fight their way over it.

Between the sub-tropical *vegas* of Denia, Almeria, and Malaga are regions of fantastic rock cliffs; steep, red-stained gorges; tangled undergrowth concealing pitfalls where you can lie for ever, and no one the wiser; bare, hot hillsides the tops of which command country and sea for miles. There are occasional wretched hamlets half-way down the rocky

THE BARE, GENTLY UNDULATING HILLS OF MURCIA: Typical country on the Mediterranean seaboard at present in possession of the reds

cliffs overlooking some sea inlet. At intervals, placed with a fine regard for romantic effects, are the turrets and serrations of long-forgotten castles.

From Denia to Alicante is another Amalfi: gorgeous country! With such a land, and such a sky above it little wonder that the Spaniards—particularly these of the Mediterranean coast, who are everlastingly mixed up in riot and mutiny—often utter the proverb: *El cielo y suelo son bueno—el entresuelo malo!* Heaven and earth are good—all between is bad!

When Spaniards utter that proverb they are usually thinking of their rulers. If a great many of them are anarchists it is because of bitter experience, plus the fact that every Spaniard is an incurable egoist. "We believe first in ourselves," said a young student with whom I drank *rioja* in a cool inn outside Murcia; "and then in Spain."

Where in Castile it is a proud and dignified egoism, in Andalusia it is a lazy fatalism; and here in Valencia, Murcia, and even as far south as Malaga, it is arrogance; especially in Valencia and Murcia, from which two cities Catalonia used to recruit its worst assassins. The term "Murcian" is still used in Catalonia to signify a cut-throat, because the labourers brought up to Barcelona from Murcia and Valencia were fools enough to do the Catalonia anarchists' dirty work in time of strike and rebellion.

In their own land, and left to themselves, they are hard-working, cheerful, and honest. The coastal towns between Valencia and Malaga are among the jolliest in Spain; and it is difficult to believe that these places have gone as frantically red as the newspapers suggest. Of course, given the right psychological atmosphere, we are all ready to go mad in support of ideals we don't understand.

If it has happened in Alicante I am sorry. Roughly midway between Valencia and Murcia, it used to be one of the gentlest and brightest spots along the coast. Its intensely blue harbour was always chock full of gay *chaluppos*, the light, beaked fishing vessels of these parts, and three-masted sailing ships from African and South American ports. Along the edge of the harbour runs the beautiful Paseo des Martires (martyrdoms have always been the Spaniard's strong suit: see how Ribera positively gloated over them!) palm-fringed along the whole of the sea-front. It was one of the prettiest and liveliest promenades in Spain.

Alicante has direct rail communication with Madrid, and its harbour is of unusual importance as a gateway for supplies and arms to enter the red territory; but unlike Malaga and Valencia, Alicante has no rich hinterland to supply the needy red armies with food, and the red exchequer with foreign currency in return for exports.

It used to be the strongest fortress in the kingdom of Valencia, and I believe it to be easy of defence even now. The two great strongholds behind the town are in ruins, but the commanding heights are still there. I should not like to take part in an assault on precipitous Sanata Barbara. Apart from the hazards of the ascent, the castle itself is still terrifying. It has an air of stark authenticity. Like most Spanish castles it expresses, with grim terseness, the realism of warfare through all ages. No boudoirs, no bowers, no decorative turrets, no jousting grounds or dovecots; not so much as a leaf of ivy or a fluttering bat to touch it with Gothic sentiment.

The African glare of the neighbourhood makes your eyes ache. A few gipsy encampments, like red-backed beetles sunning on a rock, find pasture for their goats among the low smoky scrub, and mile upon mile of cactus. But just over the far hills you drop down into an amazing oasis, the famous date-palm forest of Elche. Beyond this exotic paradise of streams, flowers, and cool shade, where only the sound of the muezzin is missing

IN REBEL HANDS: The little town of Marbella, which was captured by General Franco's men early last week during their advance from Estepona along the east coast to Malaga

YOUNG INNOCENCE IN THE SHELL-SCARRED CAPITAL: suburb and behind them grim evidence of conflict. There has evacuated the majority of non-combatants, sending

occupied by rebels who had captured it after a series of their hands at the same time was found to be of Russian origin

THE FALL OF POZUELO: A party of General Franco's men occupying the cemetery after making a successful attack on this village—regarded as a key point in their advance on Madrid from the north-west

to make it an echo of the Nile valley, aridity again intervenes, until the River Segura flows into it and spreads the plain of Orihuela with the richest grain crops in the Peninsula. *Llueva ó no llueva, trigo en Orihuela.* "Rain or no rain, corn in Orihuela."

The reds are lucky in the possession of this rich granary.

As you approach the town through the *vega* you are confronted by a dramatic outline of domes and towers set against a long, purple ridge which is crested with the ruins of a castle. Half-way up is the beautiful seventeenth-century collegio. I wonder what has happened to the old prior and his treasures? I remember his showing me some very lovely things, including a St. Thomas Aquinas which he said was by Velasquez, an attribution which I doubt; and an exquisite Italianate *retablo* by Juan de Juanes. What has happened to these things, and to the lovely cloister garden of which the old prior was so proud?

Some 15 miles farther on, through lemon and orange groves, comes Murcia. Murcia lies away from the sea, embedded in one of the richest gardens of Spain and protected by a lofty sierra.

Someone once said to me: "If you want to commit a murder, first lure your victim to Murcia." The suggestion is, of course, a libel: but it is true that Murcia has a cloaked and furtive air. Its prevailing colour is dark terra-cotta. Except for an occasional breathing space like the Arenal, it is a squeezed-up city of narrow, silent *calles*, with dark-browed citizens, muffled to the nose, keeping close to the walls. Happily, there are interludes of flowery patios; and roof tops of Oriental diversity: and the unashamed baroque of church and convent façade where the effect is as if the whole wall were doubled up with laughter.

The Murcian plain is incredibly rich. Everything seems to grow there. Riding out on a summer morning you become almost dizzy from the scent of roses. The magnificent wall of hills makes it like a garden enclosed, the garden enclosed of Solomon; and it is the prettiest sight in the world, the girls of Murcia, in gay kerchiefs and shawls, seated at their whitewashed cottage doors spinning silk.

Out of this garden you climb to bare hills—gipsy haunted and scattered with the ruins of old Moorish castles. The finest is at Lorca, from the summit of which—a fearsome mass of dungeons, keeps, and colossal masonry—is one of the most impressive views in the south of Spain.

From Lorca you go on to Baza through a wretched, sparsely peopled district. It is a mountainous desert with a few copper mines and a certain amount of esparto. Baza itself, though a mountain town, foreshadows Andalusia.

Between Baza and Guadix, and half-way down to Almeria, there is nothing but arid mountains. The Madrid train descends through this inhospitable country to the sea. I remember occupying my place in a compartment filled with Spaniards playing dice. As the night proceeded, the conductor of the train came in and joined the dice players. Presently came a postal official carrying a bag of registered letters. He, too, joined the dice players. The registered letters, in the conspicuous bag embroidered with the word *Certificados*, were thrown on the floor, and there they remained the whole night. The train got on well enough without its conductor, and the registered letters without their custodian. Things work out like that in Spain.

Almeria is another useful port. In appearance it is thoroughly African, with flat-roofed, white houses, sub-tropical gardens, and, for background, vineyards and groves of oranges, lemons and figs; fields of maize and sugar-cane; and rich copper mines which, with their hideous loading-plants, have completely ruined the sea-front. What has happened to my charming Norwegian hosts of Almeria, with their cosy villa among the vineyards?

He said to me: "Spaniards are like children. They are cruel, like children; their remorse is like children's remorse; and you are always finding excuses for them, like you do for children."

The coast road between Almeria and Malaga runs through magnificent rocky scenery studded with old Moorish watch towers. I wonder if, to-day, the reds are manning these old look-outs? It is hardly likely that Franco, even if he takes Malaga, will continue his march through this almost impenetrable country. It is one thing to move an army through Western Andalusia, Estremadura, or even down the plateau of Castile. It is another to cog-wheel it over the treacherous paths between Malaga and Valencia.

As to bombing it from the air, the whole country is a natural, bomb-proof shelter. There remains the sea; but this coast was built for smugglers' ships to curl up among the twisting coves which you would hardly know to be there; and not for battleships. Even if the ports are laid in ruins, it is difficult to see what use they could be if the overhanging country remained in the enemy's hands.

Franco and Caballero, Göring and Stalin, or whoever the true protagonists in the Spanish Bedlam may be, must decide the point for themselves. Meanwhile, the insurgents are certainly getting closer and closer to Malaga.

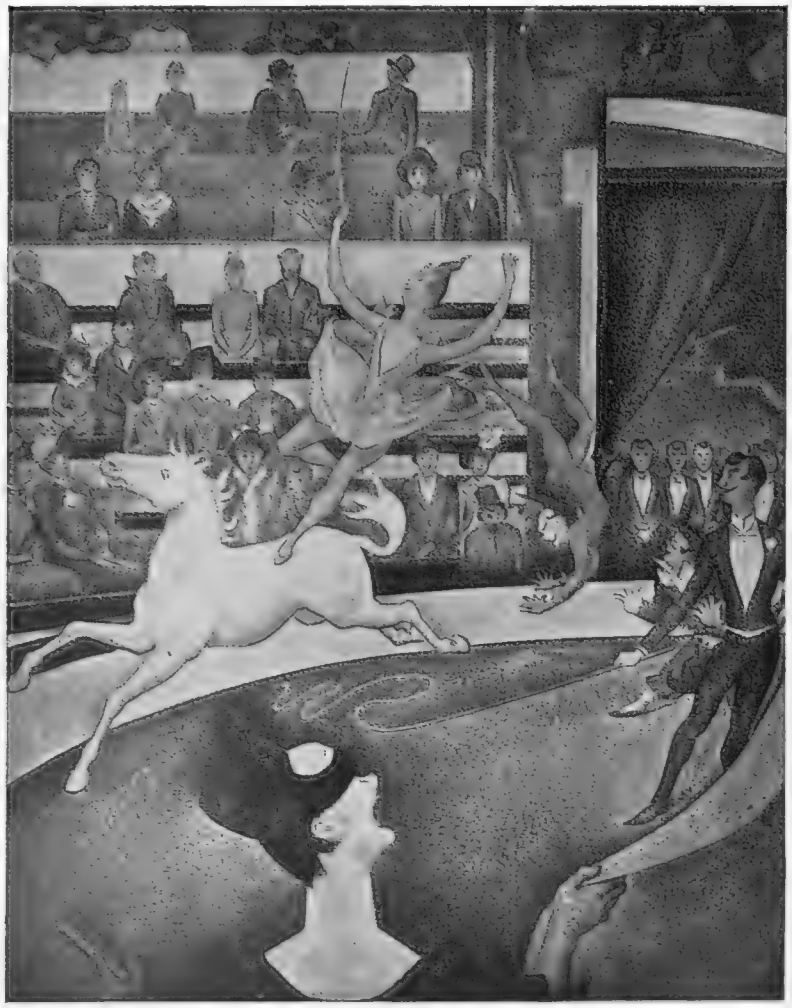
Malaga as a town is not impressive. It had an engaging manner as a resort, and as a harbour appeared to be prosperous. It lies at the southern end of a barren ridge, which is an offshoot of the high sierras seen distantly. This ridge is a wing, or curtain, of metalliferous rock jutting out to form the northern arm of the bay. At the sea edge it sends out a short cliff in the direction of the town. Where this cliff comes to an abrupt end, immediately above Malaga, are the remains of a Moorish castle. The walls run half way down the face of the cliff. Then commences a protruding chin of rock, on which, like a preposterous wart, rises a high, Moorish tower.

Here the town begins. It begins, at once, multitudinous, higgledy-piggledy—pictorially effective in its way, scrambling in an odorous mass of ancient stone and modern stucco to the base of the hill. There it takes breath, blows its nose, spits

(Continued on page 188)

Children sitting on the pavement of a street in a Madrid are few youngsters left in the city now, as the Government them to Valencia and other centres on the east coast

CROWNING THE HEIGHTS ABOVE MALAGA: The Gibralfaro, a mighty Moorish fortress dominating the town which during the past ten days or so has been menaced by the insurgent troops. General Franco tried to capture it earlier in the civil war but with no success



POINTILLISM—A ONCE DERIDED TECHNIQUE: This remarkable picture, entitled "The Circus," is valued at about £30,000 and has been lent by the Louvre to the exhibition of the works of Seurat (1859-91) and his contemporaries, which is now attracting such interest at the Wildenstein Galleries, New Bond Street. It is one of the thirty paintings by Seurat that have been gathered together for this show and which represent nearly a third of his total output. The artist produced so few works partly because he died at the early age of thirty-two and partly because of the laborious method of painting he invented. He never mixed any colour on the palette, his canvases consisting of innumerable, diminutive spots each of varying strength and tone, and each combining to make a picture full of sparkle and animation. Nowadays Seurat's technique has many admirers, but when it first came before an astonished Paris it precipitated a storm of derision and, as a result, his output was quite unsaleable

ART OF ISABEL NEILSON: *Left*—"Lito"—a head in white marble. One of the sculptures by Isabel Neilson (*right*) which have recently been exhibited at the Brook Street Gallery. The artist is in private life Countess von Ostheim

SCULPTURE OF NOTE: Two more works by Isabel Neilson. *Left*—"Vanna" a head in polished marble. *Right*—A portrait bust of the artist's father, Francis Neilson, part author of that successful play *Butterfly on the Wheel*

DETAIL OF A RAPHAEL MASTERPIECE: This "Madonna and Child," which once sold for the record price of 800,000 dollars, is one of the gems of the rich collection brought together by Andrew W. Mellon, the American politician, financier, and diplomat, and offered by him to the United States Government with a view to forming the nucleus of a National Gallery. The collection is valued at 20,000,000 dollars

PORTRAITURE OF THE OLD MASTERS: Two more treasures from the Mellon collection. *Left*—"Pope Innocent X" by Velasquez. *Right*—"A Polish Nobleman" by Rembrandt

The Great Mellon Gift

A £5,000,000 Art Collection Offered to the United States Government

Mr. Andrew Mellon, one of America's richest men, whose fortune has been estimated in the neighbourhood of £40,000,000, has not only offered his £5,000,000 art collection to the United States Government but has also offered to build a £1,800,000 Art Gallery to house it—princely gifts which President Roosevelt will recommend that Congress should accept.

The first intimation that Mr. Mellon intended to present his treasures to the nation was made in 1935 during the inquiry into his income-tax returns, when Mr. Frank J. Hogan, his counsel, stated that it was Mr. Mellon's wish to establish in Washington the "World's Greatest Temple of Art."

"REST DURING THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT": Gheeraert Davit (Gerard David), the last of the Bruges masters, was the author of this beautiful religious painting. Mr. Andrew Mellon acquired it a short while ago from the valuable Pierpont Morgan collection

Mr. Mellon's idea is that his pictures should form the nucleus of a National Gallery, and it is clearly his hope that in the course of years other private owners of valuable works will come forward with gifts similar to his own.

Mr. Mellon is catholic in his artistic tastes, and such masters as Raphael, Rembrandt, Velasquez, and Holbein all figure prominently in his collection.

Perhaps the greatest gem is Raphael's "Madonna and Child," which is reproduced above, while another outstanding canvas is the Velasquez portrait of Pope Innocent X. This was formerly in the Hermitage, St. Petersburg, and gives the impression that it was completed at the same sitting as the full-length portrait of Innocent in the Palazzo Doria, Rome. Its existence is recorded in Léon Bonnat's *Velasquez* published in Berlin in 1909.

Manhattan's Man-made Stalagmites from New Viewpoints

THE "HINDENBURG" OVER NEW YORK: An unusual view taken by Stanley Bartlett from the mighty German Zeppelin, the shadow of which is cast across the foreground, on its arrival over the city after completing one of its many successful Atlantic flights. Fanning outwards in spectacular array, but in strange perspective, are the great skyscraper buildings of the down-town business section in the neighbourhood of Wall Street and Lower Broadway

CITY OF A MILLION LIGHTS: Another recently taken view of Manhattan looking south towards the Battery and showing in the direct centre the vast Empire State Building, a giant among the giants, surmounted by its brightly glowing beacon which on clear nights can be distinguished far out at sea

MEETS IN HIST

Hunting Pictures from

OLD TEMPLE BAR PROVIDED THE BACKGROUND for last week's meet of the Enfield Chace foxhounds at Theobalds Park, Cheshunt, Hertfordshire. This historic gateway, which Sir Christopher Wren designed and which for long stood at the City boundary in Fleet Street, was removed from London in 1878 and set up in its present position exactly ten years later, thus continuing its decorative function but deprived of its share in the civic pageantry of the capital

THE HURSLEY IN THE STREETS OF the old West Gate—one of the last fortress city—after a meet in the mair

WELL MET: Hounds of the Whaddon Chase give their terrier friend a characteristically effusive greeting

IN THE SHADOW OF KENILWORTH'S STATELY PILE: A recent meet of the North Warwickshire at the famed castle which has been the scene of so much that is stirring in English history. It was there that Simon de Montfort's son held out for six months against the royal forces, and that Robert Dudley entertained in such magnificent style his royal patroness, Elizabeth. Later Cromwell's vandals gutted it

SINGLE LINE AHEAD: Members of the Cottesmore, one of Leicestershire's crack packs, moving in file towards the first covert along a narrow pathway beside Loddington mill-stream. The meet was in Loddington village

ORIC SETTINGS

the Shires and Provinces

F WINCHESTER: The hunt passing through
surviving reminders that this was once a
ain square at the invitation of the Mayor

ONE OF THE YOUNG ENTRY: Ten-year-old Lord Montagu of Beaulieu is an enthusiastic rider

AFTER THE BALL WAS OVER: The meet of the North Northumberland held in the inner bailey of Alnwick Castle on the morning following the annual hunt ball. The castle, which stands on an eminence above the river Alne and is a noted landmark for miles around, has been held by the Percy family since the early years of the fourteenth century, but long before that it was an important Border stronghold. In comparatively modern times it has been very much renovated

THE HEYTHROP AT BLENHEIM, THE ANCESTRAL SEAT OF THE MARLBOROUGHS: *Above*—Lady Caroline Spencer-Churchill, the Marquess of Blandford, and Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill, children of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, making friends with the hounds. *Right*—The hunt moving off to draw. A view showing the stately 400-ft. long façade of Blenheim Palace in the background and in the foreground the bridge across the artificial lake created by "Capability" Brown, who dammed the River Glyme to achieve his purpose. The Palace was built by Sir John Vanbrugh in 1705–24, being his largest and most grandiose, but not his finest, work

THE SILENT WAY IN AN AGE OF NOISE

Britain's Chain of Canals and the Unobtrusive but Vital Part It Plays in Our Commercial Life

By CHARLES GRAVES

ON A 280-MILE ARTERY OF COMMERCE: An aerial view of some of the fifty-one new locks on the modernised Warwickshire section of the Grand Union Canal, which were completed in 1934 and formed the last part of a £1,000,000 scheme for bringing this waterway up-to-date and fitting it for use by large motor-driven barges

WHEN I heard the other day that a certain canal carrying company had quadrupled its fleet of barges in the last eighteen months, and proposed to add another thirty-six "pairs" before the end of 1937, it was apparent that the inland waterways of England were worth investigating. For a pair of barges costs £1,200 and the general public knows very little about canals, not being in the news because they do not kill people. (The railways and roads have secured much unenviable publicity in this way, and in consequence we are all very conscious of their existence. With canals it is different.)

The Ministry of Transport figures for the canals for 1936 have not yet been prepared, but in the previous year over 12,000,000 tons of goods were carried on the principal waterways of this country, and this figure is certain to have increased a great deal last year and will improve still further in 1937. This is despite the fact that some of the longest and, you would have thought, most useful canals have been allowed to lose their traffic almost entirely by the railway companies which own them. A case in point is the Kennet and Avon Canal, on which ninety years ago over 360,000 tons of goods were transported in twelve months between Bristol and London. Its present traffic is, I am told, negligible.

It was the Dutch who invented canals during the twelfth century. Italy followed suit two centuries later. France followed in the seventeenth century. England, as usual, was very much in the rear. The first Act authorising a modern canal in this country was passed in 1755. Four years later the Duke of Bridgewater obtained an Act enabling him to construct a canal from Worsley to Manchester. This proved so profitable that within seventy years there was no spot south of the County of Durham more than 15 miles from water conveyance. The period from 1760 to 1830 is commonly known as the age of industrial revolution. It might be called the canal era.

To-day there are 3,000 barges in this country Actually the word barge is inaccurate. There are three different kinds of canal boats; 1,550 of them are narrow canal boats 7 ft. wide and 75 ft. long. These work in pairs. The front one has a Diesel engine; the other is known as the butty-boat and is drawn along behind. Between them they can carry over 70 tons. About 1,200 more barges are used for river work, and the remaining 300 are the old-fashioned wide barges which can only be used for short distances.

Horses have now almost completely disappeared from the barge industry except in the London area, one reason being that tugs were always necessary to pull the barges through tunnels and under certain bridges where there was no room for the horses to pass. These tugs were a great expense, and not enough work being found for them they were scrapped, with the result that practically every barge to-day is mechanically propelled at an average speed of 5 miles an hour.

The departure of the horse has not yet been fully appreciated by the manufacturers of this country. People still think of barges in terms of tortoise-like progress. Many of them do not realise that the time taken by a consignment of goods from London to Birmingham by barge is very often the same as that taken by rail. For though it takes the barge 60 hours to get from London to Birmingham the goods that go by rail are delayed a great deal in railway sidings and by shunting and so forth. Obviously, too, the canal-borne traffic costs much less to transport.

Many go-ahead firms—like Lyons, for example—use canals almost exclusively. Lyons have their own inland port, and all their tea arrives by barge at Greenford from the Port of London. All Mr. Heinz's "fifty-seven varieties" also come by water. An outstanding example of the completeness of the service available was afforded by the large consignment of tomatoes from Leamington, Ontario, which were imported to Leamington, England, by 100 per cent. water route. There is no risk of damage to goods sent by canal; they cannot get lost; and the canal boat has a greater capacity than a railway truck or a motor lorry, which makes it specially useful for the carriage of goods of a bulky or brittle nature. One of the many uses to which canal barges are put is the transport of refuse from city areas to desolate parts of the countryside.

ROYAL PROGRESS: The Duke of Kent accompanied by the Chairman of the Grand Union Canal Company, as he passed through one of the locks when engaged in inaugurating the modernised Warwickshire section of the canal in November 1934. As a result of this development traffic has been greatly speeded up

Officially each of these pairs of canal barges has a crew of three. The old family life which began over 100 years ago flourishes, however. The company owning the barges pays the skipper (still known as the steerer) so much per trip according to the tonnage, the type of goods carried, and the distance. The skipper is then entirely responsible. He may, of course, employ another man and a boy to assist him. But in the majority of cases it is as I say entirely a family affair. Many of these barges have a husband and wife and at least three children on board. Some of the skippers have homes on shore as well, the two chief communities of bargees being at Brentford and Paddington in the South, and Birmingham in the Midlands.

My wife, who is a nurse at Paddington Green Children's Hospital, tells me that she can always recognise a barge child or a barge mother. They are, she says, small, sturdy, incredibly sunburnt and wind-tanned, and exceedingly clean. They are also very intelligent and almost entirely uneducated and delightfully old fashioned. Barge babies arrive at the hospital dressed in starched linen instead of the more usual woollies.

It is a fact that a high percentage of the barge community cannot read nor write. This is not surprising. Only quite recently have efforts been made to start schools for the children of the bargees. As the children, however, are only available for tuition in the interval of trips their education is spasmodic. True, their return to their headquarters, such as Brentford, are more frequent in these days. It was reckoned that a horse-drawn barge took something over a week to get to Birmingham. With loading and unloading the round trip took nearly a month. To-day it is about two weeks.

But here is a typical round trip to-day. The skipper is instructed to be on Monday morning with his barge at the Limehouse end of the Regent's Canal. On that day 55 tons of steel are loaded under his supervision by the stevedores, and the Customs are cleared. He then sets off for Birmingham, having got his food and his fuel on board at Southall on his way down to Limehouse. He has had a large advance on his wages. By 10 p.m. on Tuesday, when he stops for the night, he will have reached Boxmoor. By 6 a.m. he will have started off again, and by Wednesday 10 p.m. he should have reached Norton. Thursday morning finds him at Birmingham. It takes about 3 hrs. for the unloading of his cargo. In the afternoon he will receive orders, let us say, to load coal at Hawkesbury. He is then paid another advance on his wages for the return journey. By Saturday he will have started back with his load of coal for, say, Brentford, reaching it in the same length of time as the outward journey took.

Some of the skippers and their crew work on Sundays. Some lie up at night earlier than others. The average length of time taken between London and Birmingham is between 60 and 72 hours. It depends very much, however, on the man. Those that continue later at night and similarly start earlier in the morning obviously complete their trip in shorter time. In this way they are able to earn more money because they can unload, load up, and start off again.

It so happens, however, that the number of men available for skippering canal boats is quite inadequate—so much so that merchant seamen, fishermen, and ex-service men from the Royal Navy have been employed. But these experiments have not met with success. You might have thought that steering a barge up and down canals would need little skill. Apparently this is not so, and I am told that it takes 46 months to learn properly 200 or 300 miles of waterways. There are many pitfalls. There are bends where the water is shallow. There are narrow bridges where you have to slow down. There are various other tricks of the trade to be learnt. Above all, there is the prejudice felt by the old established bargees and their families towards the newcomers.

All told there are 2,475 miles of inland water-ways in England and Wales, of which the Grand Union Canal alone boasts 280 miles. It serves Birmingham, Coventry, Northampton, Warwick, Leicester, London, Banbury, Slough, Watford, Wolverhampton, Rugby, and Leighton Buzzard among the seventy-two industrial

(*Continued on page* 188)

On right—OVER THE TOP: Where the Grand Union Canal passes above the North Circular Road, in the vicinity of Wembley

WHERE THE FILM CENSOR PRESIDES

Dr. Manette's House, off Soho Square, and Its Sumptuous Decor

SHOW PLACE! One of the beautiful rooms at No. 10, Carlisle Street, the house off Soho Square in which Dickens lodged Dr. Manette, the physician in *A Tale of Two Cities*, and which is now the headquarters of the Board of Film Censors, Lord Tyrrell and his staff having transferred there. The place was built by Wren for the first Earl of Carlisle and still retains many of its 17th-century features. The panelling in this room is of somewhat later date, however, and was originally at Bower Hall, Essex

THE CHINESE ROOM (*left*) with its original decorations, revealing a superb delicacy of treatment, and (*right*) Lord Tyrrell in his office. He has been President of the Board of Film Censors since 1935 and before that was British Ambassador in Paris and Permanent Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office

THE OLD AND THE NEW: *Left*—The beautifully moulded Green Room ceiling and its crystal chandelier. *Right*—One of the modernly equipped film examining rooms used by members of Lord Tyrrell's staff

RIVAL TO EROS: Mr. Charles Wheeler's statue of "Ariel," a cleverly conceived and beautifully modelled piece of sculpture, has now been placed in its permanent position at the Bank of England. This gilded bronze figure, standing some fifteen feet in height, was much admired when exhibited at the Royal Academy two years ago

A THAMES-SIDE LANDMARK TO GO: The old Erith Flour Mills, long familiar to frequenters of London river, have been sold to Erith District Council for a sum in the neighbourhood of £15,000 and are now being demolished. Riverside gardens are shortly to be laid out on the site

ANOTHER PLAYHOUSE PASSES: Removing furniture and fittings from the Prince of Wales's Theatre which is now in course of demolition. Of recent years the place had become widely known for its series of non-stop revues

HANDS AND FEET IN RHYTHMIC UNISON: The corps de ballet in *Giselle*, the classic ballet which has been revived with such outstanding success at Sadler's Wells. It was in this piece that such artistes as Grisi and Pavlova scored their greatest triumphs, and the dancer wishing to sustain the prestige of the principal role must be an accomplished mime as well as a distinguished ballerina. In this revival Margot Fonteyn, the young English ballerina, plays the part of Giselle, giving it a spontaneity that augurs well for her future

DRAMA *and* BALLET

A British Ballerina Excels in a Role Made Memorable by Grisi and Pavlova—the Topical Touch in the Embassy's 100th Production

Reviewed by Philip Page

IN that if a sufficiently silly person does something sufficiently silly he is likely, in these popular press days, to achieve wide fame, and a lot of money in addition, *Climbing*, Mr. Marten Cumberland's play at the Embassy Theatre, is not only topical but photographically exact.

America knows more about yellow journalism than we do (although we are filling in the gaps in such questionable knowledge with distressing speed), and America well be-paragraphs the businesslike morons who sit on the top of flagstaffs for days, and who indulge in "dancing marathons" and rumba round for a week or so in a state of disgusting fatigue. Of such is the hero of *Climbing*, young Willie Baker, who climbs to the tops of trees, (a) because he has glandular trouble and (b) because he likes it.

Here is not a likely basis for a farcical comedy; for there is too much suggestion about it of making fun out of madness—a source widely drawn upon by medieval merrymakers but hardly suited to St. John's Wood in 1937. It says much for Mr. Cumberland that his play actually is consistently funny, and this despite the performance in the chief part of a young actor with the quaint and Dickensian name of Skelton Knaggs. Not that this is a bad performance; on the contrary, it is so ingenious that the psychopathical aspect of Willie the Climber is only too apparent. Mr. Knaggs makes Willie less a farcical hero than a medical case, and that should not make for fun.

It is impossible to laugh at Willie, for he is so obviously mad. That we can laugh with him is due to the author's brilliant handling in other respects of a touch-and-go theme and to the fact that a pompous business man deluded by a simpleton is a safe line to take. That Willie should have sat at the top of a tree for six days is not overwhelmingly amusing. That at the end of the sitting newspapermen with a circulation counted in millions should have featured him as the story of the day, that his publicity value should have soared until mighty men of business tumbled over each other to secure, and pay liberally for a statement to the effect that the feat would have been impossible without the use of Somebody's Something, in short, that more money will accrue to the imbecile in a week than to the sane hard-working man in five years, here is a situation which unquestionably has its humorous side, even if it does leave a rather bitter taste.

With Mr. Knaggs' unquestionably clever study I have already dealt. Mr. Andrew Leigh plays Willie's father with an amusing pose of deference towards profitable absurdity, and the industrial and

HAPPY BALLERINA: Elizabeth Miller, who has been appearing at Sadler's Wells in *Carnaval* and other ballets, has just become engaged to Mr. Eric E. N. Causton, a great-nephew of the late Lord Southwark

other magnates who rise to the occasion do so in duly farcical fashion.

Climbing, by the way, is the hundredth play to be produced at the enterprising Embassy Theatre. If it is not the best, it is a long way from being the worst—and this is not a theatre which has any truck at all with bad plays.

"O.H.M.S."—Some malign influence seems to hover over even the best of British films. The new film at the Tivoli, which shows up the good points of the British Army without advertising it too flagrantly, is given a title which cannot fail to decrease its drawing power and its popularity by at least one third. The letters "O.H.M.S." have at the best of times an ominously official air about them; coming at this period of the year when Income Tax demands are causing anxiety, such a title is likely to make any but the least sensitive shun this film as the devil shuns holy water.

Yet it is a good one and should not be shunned. Legitimate propaganda is the powder discreetly applied to plentiful rations of entertainment jam. The barrack-square work—all of it most efficient—is like to arouse the fury of those quaint folk who are anxious for us to go to war with every country in the world (except Soviet Russia), but who scream with indignation at any suggestion that we should have the forces to enable us to do so. But the story, exciting without being in any way profound, is good stuff of its kind, and can be accepted by most parties without any political qualms.

The hero is an American who gets mixed up in a murder in a New York gambling den. America had, I suppose, to be dragged in somehow (the director, incidentally, is an American, and he knows his job). The aforesaid hero, does, however, join the British army, and to make the atmosphere as comprehensive and as cosmopolitan as possible, the story switches to Chinese banditry in the very far-fetched East.

An alluring blonde in the person of Miss Anna Lee is the heroine. Mr. John Mills adds Cockney soldier fun of the Bairnsfather brand. Mr. Wallace Ford is the hero, described, of course, as "a tough guy." I could well believe it.

"Giselle."—The ballet *Giselle*, revived at Sadler's Wells, conjures up visions of Paris and London in our great-grandfathers' time, of side-whiskered *vieux marcheurs* ogling the ballerinas, of crinolines and horse-cabs. The music is like that, too. It suggests old sofas, and not very artistic ones either.

Yet *Giselle* is a good ballet and deserves its immortality. For immortal it certainly looks like being. It has already had a longish innings, for it was first performed in 1841. Carlotta Grisi danced in it and was, I read, a furore. I have myself seen Pavlova and Karsavina in the title role. Marlova appeared in a portion of it not long ago at the Duke of York's Theatre and was extremely fine.

The Giselle of the "Wells" is Miss Margot Fonteyn, another brilliant young English dancer who has done good work in ballet after ballet at this theatre, where the standard, let it be explained, is very high indeed. All that Miss Fonteyn lacks is still further experience; for this part demands considerable acting powers as well as dancing technique. The latter she has in abundance, and her performance, taken as a whole, makes her a worthy successor to the distinguished dancers of other days.

Giselle, it may be remembered, is a village maiden who falls in love, is badly treated, and who rises from her grave to get a bit of her own back, as well as for picturesquely ethical purposes. There is also a preposterous prince—in fact, the whole story is preposterous. Yet that does not really matter, for it stands the test as a peg on which to hang some fine dancing in the best classical traditions. These have been well preserved and observed, and every member of the corps de ballet has obviously come under their influence.

Mr. Robert Helpman was the hero. A quite unconquerable antipathy to male ballet-dancers as such does not blind me to the fact that Mr. Helpman is a fine artiste—to be compared favourably with many male Russian leapers and pirouetters who are known the whole world over.

Giselle was preceded by a good performance of *Carnaval*, with Miss Mary Honer and Miss Elizabeth Miller. Schumann's music made the rest of the evening sound, musically speaking, decidedly flat.

(Continued on page 181)

DOWN BUT NOT OUT: Vivien Leigh, who recently had a ski-ing accident in Switzerland, breaking a small bone in her leg, has not allowed her injury to keep her away from work and she is seen here rehearsing with Alan Napier for *Because We Must*—the new play which Howard Wyndham and Bronson Albery are to present at Wyndham's early in February

FILM FOLK ON AND OFF THE SCREEN

ROMANCE AND REBELLION: Brian Aherne, as the elusive and astute leader of the rebels, and Merle Oberon, as the daughter of the official sent to Dublin to investigate the situation, play leading roles in *Beloved Enemy*, a screen drama of the Irish "Trouble" which has just been presented at the Leicester Square Theatre

AN EPIC OF EMPIRE: Barry Mackay and Lilli Palmer in the Gaumont-British picture *The Great Barrier*, which has as its highly dramatic theme the closing stages in the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The film is to have its world première in aid of charity at the new Gaumont, Haymarket, on Thursday, February 4, and Her Majesty the Queen-Mother has promised to be present if possible

STRICTLY INFORMAL: Gitta Alpar, Hungarian singer and stage and screen actress, and her charming five-year-old daughter Ulica at work together in the kitchen of their London home

HARVEST DAYS: Odette Joyeux and René Dary make a delightful starring pair in the French production *Helen* which is based on Vicki Baum's successful novel of the same name

FILM CHIEFS RETURN: Mr. Maurice and Mr. Isidore Ostrer, who have been holding conferences in America regarding the future of the Gaumont-British concern, pictured on board the *Aquitania* when they arrived back in England a few days ago. In a statement to the Press Mr. Isidore Ostrer pointed out that Gaumont-British was by no means dependent on profits from film production, and this side of the business would only be continued if they could satisfy themselves that in future a more substantial revenue would be forthcoming from the U.S.

ANN HARDING, blonde Hollywood star, and Werner Janssen, 36-year-old American conductor, seen after their wedding at Caxton Hall, Westminster. Miss Harding came here last year and since then has starred in *Love From a Stranger*

GLENDA FARRELL TAKES IT EASY on her latest novelty—a luxurious sunbathing trolley complete with air-filled mattress and cushions. A picture that also provides a first-rate idea of the beauties of the Californian scene

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

DEMAGOGUE OF TWO WORLDS: Tom Paine *(left)*, who stirred the fires of freedom in America with his work, *Common Sense*, and who enthusiastically supported the French Revolution, is the subject of a new and revealing biography by Hesketh Pearson. One of the most fascinating sections of the book is that dealing with Paine's clash with Gouverneur Morris *(right)*, American Minister to France, the man who was largely responsible for his imprisonment by Robespierre and who all but brought about his execution. The story concludes with this truly astonishing paragraph:—"Ten years later William Cobbett, to atone for a past error of judgment and to arouse the social conscience of the English people, made a midnight descent on the (Paine's) grave at New Rochelle, dug up the remains and carried them to Liverpool intending to stage a spectacular funeral, but absentmindedly forgot his mission. Since that time the bones of Tom Paine have disappeared, and now, like himself, they belong to no nation"

Reviewed by

VERNON FANE

THIS week is celebrated the bi-centenary of a very remarkable man. On January 29, 1737, was born one Tom Paine, to whom Napoleon once said, "A statue of gold ought to be erected to you in every city in the universe!" and who, though an Englishman by birth, was in some measure responsible for the success of the American War of Independence.

TOM PAINE: Friend of Mankind (Hamish Hamilton. 9s.) is a biography in Mr. Hesketh Pearson's familiar, lively style which succeeds in bringing to life a great figure who was growing a little dim in our memories. Tom Paine was a stay-maker by trade, and not a very successful one. He early decided to change his profession and became an exciseman at £50 a year. At that time excisemen were exceedingly unpopular with both the rich and the poor, and when Paine started an agitation on behalf of his fellows for better pay and treatment he soon found himself without a job. On this he decided to try his luck in America, though, as his biographer says, "If the authorities in England had been able to foresee the result of his departure, they would have given him another chance in the Excise."

It was not long before he found his true vocation in what he was afterwards to christen the "United States." It was the time of the Boston Tea-Party, when feeling in America was running high against England's bullying attitude over taxation. Paine was able to crystallise the nation's feeling, and to take it many steps further in a pamphlet which he published, called *Common Sense*. In this he made his great appeal for independence from England, attacked the monarchy, and George III in particular and urged the American people "to begin the world over again."

The pamphlet had an instantaneous success and sold 120,000 copies in less than three months. After the Declaration of Independence was signed Paine returned to the charge with a series of pamphlets known as the *Crises*, which were designed to spur the American soldiers on to victory in their campaign against the English army, and which George Washington ordered to be read throughout the camps.

George Washington and Benjamin Franklin were both among Paine's intimate friends, though it is hard to explain Washington's later silence when he might have saved Paine from imprisonment during the French Revolution. For Paine naturally gravitated towards France at the sign of trouble.

Benjamin Franklin once said to him, "Where liberty is, there is my country," to which Paine had characteristically replied, "Where liberty is not, there is mine." In France Paine was imprisoned by Robespierre, but not before he had finished one of his most important works, and the one that was to do his personal reputation the most harm. This was *The Age of Reason*. After the fall of Robespierre Paine was released, a broken man, and went to live with James Monroe, who later became President.

Tom Paine did not return to America, the Republic of his dreams, for fifteen years, and when he did it was to end his days in the most miserable poverty. His attacks on the Bible, on Christianity itself as it then seemed to his readers, had made him notorious and his closest friends, with lamentably few exceptions, shunned him. He died in New York in 1809, almost alone.

In a letter to Washington, many years before, he had given the clue to his own philosophy: "You will observe, sir," he wrote, "that my reasoning is founded on the supposition of their being reasonable beings, which if they are not, then they are not within the compass of my system."

Whether one shares Mr. Pearson's wholehearted admiration for Paine or not, one can scarcely accuse him of idealising his subject. Paine is often shown at his most bigoted and intolerant, and as a most uncomfortable companion, and the very real value of the biography is in its success as a living portrait.

A definitive life of Paul Kruger has yet to be written, although there have been several books in Afrikaans on his subject. In the meantime Miss Marjorie Juta's study of the great old President of the Transvaal Republic is well worth reading, and it is, I believe, the first biography of "Oom Paul" to be written in English.

THE PACE OF THE OX (Constable. 10s. 6d.) has the great advantage of being written by someone who understands and loves the country about which she is writing, and has had the friendship and help of the people most able to help her research, in several cases actual survivors of the Kruger era.

To appreciate the character of the stern old Dutchman one has first of all to dismiss the inevitable picture one has of him; the fringe of whiskers, the stove-pipe hat, the thick hands stolidly planted on wide-spread knees, and imagine him as a child in 1835, running along the files of slow oxen and helping to guide the wagon train across the veldt. That was the year before the Great Trek, when only Paul Kruger's family and a few of their friends had the courage and determination to leave the Cape Colony and its British rule, and found a community of their own.

From those days of dangerous pioneering, with their constant menace of raiding Matabeles, young Paul drew two qualities which determined the whole course of his life; an enduring love of his own people and a steadfast, dogged determination that they should be free in the land they had found for themselves.

There are many stories of Kruger's youth, all of them surprising if one thinks of him primarily as the grand old man of the Republic. When he was barely fourteen he shot his first lion and, while the breath was still in its body he jumped on to it and forced the air out of its lungs in one last great roar. It was not long after this that he was chosen to go on his first *commando* with grown men, to put a final end to the Matabele risings.

His career as President before and during the Boer War is more familiar ground, and Miss Juta handles it conscientiously and readably. She is inclined to idealise Kruger, rather to the detriment of her judgment on the whole war scene, but impartiality is the attribute of a far more experienced writer, and admittedly her enthusiasm does lend colour to a very fine subject.

Unless one follows the fortunes of the Soviet regime with very close interest few of their contemporary novels can have much appeal. Their vast sales in the country of their origin are accounted for more by their political implications than by their style or their distinction. They have an unquestionable sincerity, a kind of passion of conviction in common which may stimulate the already converted, but they lack a greater subtlety, a greater logic or simply a clearer exposition of the theories of Communism which might win over the average reader.

Yet they are continually being published in English translations, with the incontestable proof of their Russian best-seller status as their recommendation. The latest that I have read is **THE MAKING OF A HERO** (Martin Secker and Warburg. 8s. 6d.) which has sold in tens of thousands in the U.S.S.R. under what I consider the better title of *How the Steel was Tempered*.

There is a particular pathos in reading this book since the young author, Nicholas Ostrovski, who was decorated as a result of its success with the Order of Lenin, has recently died. The novel is apparently largely autobiographical and it makes one familiar with the almost insuperable difficulties under which the author must have worked. Like his hero, Ostrovski was only thirteen at the beginning of the 1917 revolution. Two years later he was fighting in the civil war and it was then that he was severely wounded and shell-shocked. He nearly died a few years later from an attack of typhus, and then realised that he was faced with permanent illness.

At that time he joined the Communist Party, his career still identical with the young Paul Korchagin of his book. Soon however he was struck with paralysis, only his right arm remaining active, and following that he became completely blind. His slow death was by that time inevitable, but his faith in "the Party" was unalterable, and he kept the strength to write down, in novel form, the extraordinary experiences of his brief years of life.

It is impossible to be unmoved by the expression of such courage whatever the literary merits of the book.

BOOKS RECEIVED

GRAYSON.—OASIS: By Oliver Baldwin. 8s. 6d. PAGAN PARABLE: An Allegory in Four Acts. By Norman Davey. 7s. 6d. HODDER & STOUGHTON.—EVERYMAN'S ENGLAND. By Victor Canning. Illustrated by Leslie Stead. 7s. 6d. THEATRE OF LIFE. By Lord Howard of Penrith. Illustrated. Vol. II. 21s. BLUE SILVER. By Victor Bridges. 7s. 6d. WARD LOCK.—THE MASK OF PROVIDENCE. By Wallace B. Nichols. 7s. 6d. I'M A LUCKY DOG. By Jill, the Airedale, assisted by Elaine Hamilton. Illustrated by Norman Keene. 5s. AT WAR WITH THE SMUGGLERS: Career of Doctor Arnold's Father. By Rear-Admiral D. Arnold-Forster. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. ANGUS & ROBERTSON.—THE EMANCIPIST: An Historical Drama in Three Acts. By Maj.-Gen. John Macquarie Antill and Rose Antill de Warren. 3s. 6d. A. & C. BLACK.—THE QUEST FOR CATHAY. By Brig. Gen. Sir Percy Sykes. Illustrated. 15s. BLACKWELL. MY CLIMBS IN THE ALPS AND CAUCASUS. By A. F. Mummery. Illustrated. 5s. THE PLAYGROUND OF EUROPE. By Leslie Stephen. Illustrated. 5s. BLACKWOOD.—A NAVAL WIFE GOES EAST. By Eileen Walker. 7s. 6d. THE GARDEN OF THE HESPERIDES. By Forepoint Severn. 7s 6d. DENT.—THE MOTORIST'S COMPANION. By John Prioleau. Illustrated by G. R. Worsdell. 7s. 6d. THE GARDENER'S COMPANION. Edited and illustrated by Miles Hadfield. 7s. 6d. LETTERS FROM LIMBO. Collected, with a commentary, by Ernest Rhys. 10s. 6d. AU PETIT CORDON BLEU: A Galaxy of Recipes. By Dione Lucas and Rosemary Hume. Illustrated by Phoebe Nicol. 7s. 6d. Two Boys Go SAILING. By Conor O'Brien. Illustrated by B. Ganly. 6s. HURST & BLACKETT.—VALIANT SAILORMEN. By E. Keble Chatterton. Illustrated. 18s. MICHAEL JOSEPH.—BE STILL AND KNOW: Oxford in Search of God. Edited by Keith Briant and George Joseph. With a Foreword by the Archbishop of York. 7s. 6d. RUSSIA, FAREWELL. By Marina Yurlova. 7s. 6d LONGMANS.—WAUGH IN ABYSSINIA. By Evelyn Waugh. 10s. 6d. THE KING AND THE IMPERIAL CROWN: The Powers and Duties of His Majesty. By A. Berriedale Keith. 21s. JOHN MURRAY.—SCOTT OF THE SHAN HILLS: Orders and Impressions. Edited by G. E. Mitton (Lady Scott). Illustrated. 15s. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY: A Biography of an Outstanding Personality. By S. Theodore Felstead. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. J.T.GREIN: The Story of a Pioneer 1862—1935. By his wife (Michael Orme). Illustrated. 10s. 6d. PEREGRINE PIERAM: The Strange Power of His Pen and the Story He Never Wrote. By Michael Joyce. 3s. 6d. THE KING'S CROWNING. By Reverend R. H. Murray. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. PROGRESS AT PELVIS BAY. By Osbert Lancaster. 3s. 6d.

In a London drawing-room, more than a hundred years ago, an old statesman stood talking to a youth whose flamboyant dress and exuberance of speech had attracted the attention of everyone at the reception. He was in his own way a kindly person, and he had decided to draw his young acquaintance out.

"Well, now, tell me," he put in gently during a moment while the other drew breath, "what do you want to be?"

"I want to be Prime Minister."

Lord Melbourne continued to be kind, but realised that the time had come for firmness.

"If you are going into politics and mean to stick

(Continued on page 188)

The A.B.C. of Colour

Here is a charmingly simple cashmere jumper which will fit in with almost any colour scheme, since it is made in natural, grey, blue, pink, and brown tones. The softening effect of the petalled collar is flattering, and it costs only 29s. 6d. at Debenham and Freebody

CONTRAST in colours not only prevents monotony. It at once gives character to a dress or suit, and it is expressive of the personality of its wearer.

Plan all the main items of your wardrobe at once, and then build up your accessories in different colours, making the contrast as piquant as you can. Two, three or four colours in one outfit are liked. Add more if they increase the subtlety of your scheme, but see that they unmistakably link up.

Take, for instance, the sweater and cardigan below. The girl in the photograph wears them in natural coloured pure cashmere, with a light purple suit. Into the neck of her jacket she tucks a scarf, half of which is purple and the rest cerise, and her hat is cerise with a touch of purple in the ribbon. With a nigger skirt she wears the same sweater in pink with a nigger cardigan, and with a grey skirt she wears a grey sweater and gobelin blue cardigan. Both of them are made in other colours as well, the sweater costs 1 guinea, and the cardigan 32s. 6d. at Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W.

The less there is of a contrasting colour the more arresting it should be. If you are wearing tweeds don't forget a touch of soft bright cherry. Or if you like black or navy or nigger in town, experiment with pale blues, translucent greens, and pale mauves.

On a very simple but formal frock, try the effect of narrow borders in white, and overlapping them put rows of peasant braid or vivid embroidery liberally sewn with gold. Or if you have grown tired of a dress that suits you, knot a scarf made in five or six blended shades about your neck, and twist it like a rope.

ACCENTS in colour are the arch-deceivers of the dress world. They can make people see exactly what you want them to, and prevent them from ever noticing the things you want to hide. What is more, used cleverly, they can make the simplest frock look like an exciting model.

You have a slender waist. Then wear a bright and unusual belt to link up your skirt and your tucked-in sweater. Perhaps you have an almost too slender waist, that over emphasises the curves above and below it. Then wear a very wide belt in the same colour as your jumper, and at once you are streamlined again.

You like discreetly toned tweeds, but your skin needs something to bring out its delicate colouring. Then wear a bright scarf, or pin a wine coloured and a scarlet carnation into your lapel. If your suit is a rather bright blue, try small anemones, mainly mauve in colour.

Coloured gloves are fun in the country—but don't wear them if you are short. They will cut your height. Jewellery, well placed, can transform a frock, especially the new coloured clips and bracelets.

BRILLIANCE, in a dull world, should be encouraged. Not everyone can wear bright colours, but most people could, with advantage, be a little more adventurous than they are. If vivid shades overpower you, wear clear soft tones this spring.

Yellow, amber, burnt orange, ginger, and copper are stressed in the early collections, either alone, or two or three of the shades combined together. Quite a lot of greens—moss, emerald, and olive; some palma violet; royal blues. There is also a feeling for aquamarine tones.

Favourite combinations—garnet and powder blue, royal blue and palma, aquamarine and violet, ginger and yellow, violet and green, brown and jade.

Many tweeds are multi-coloured, like a bunch of cottage flowers. Rock amethyst is a lovely clear mauve which looks perfect allied with wine colour and jade—both at once. Strawberry pink frocks are worn with claret coats, and pinky grey suits have turquoise blouses.

DROWNING HAWESWATER VALLEY

A MIGHTY UNDERTAKING IN THE WILDS OF WESTMORLAND: Haweswater as it is to-day, showing on the left the progress of construction work on the dam which is being built across the valley, and when completed, will create behind it a vast reservoir that will provide distant Manchester with water. A church, a village hostelry and other buildings are being demolished before this beautiful piece of natural scenery disappears

"GRIST TO THE MILL": Concrete being unloaded on the dam site from one of the skips which travel on an aerial cableway across the valley. The winding gear is at the top of the hill and is controlled by flags

THE DAM TAKES SHAPE: One of the completed sections; a picture showing the mode of construction of the great barrier which will imprison millions of gallons of water and will ensure Manchester is well supplied even in times of drought

BUILT INTO THE LIVING ROCK: The foundations of the dam's mid-section go deep into the valley and are so planned that they will be able to stand up to many times the strain that is likely to be imposed on them. The dam will be approximately 1,550 ft. long, 126 ft. high, and 112 ft. in width

DOOMED MARDALE: Part of the old village in Haweswater Valley showing the Dun Bull Hotel towards the left. Every building is being demolished before the submersion, and the church has been one of the first to go. Men of the Royal Engineers blew it up last year, taking advantage of the occasion to experiment with a new type of explosive. *On right*—All that now remains of Measand Hall, home of the squires of Mardale

BEAUTY IS MUCH MORE THAN SKIN-DEEP

when you come to examine this Latest Ford V-8 (£16.10s. Tax), which has beauty equally of line, finish, equipment, upholstery and performance—especially of performance, yet costs as little to run, and maintain in A-1 order, as to buy, tax and insure. Comfort, silence, flexibility, all at their utmost! It is emphatically the multi-cylinder luxury-car for the economically inclined, and either externally or in its in-built excellence is a real revelation at its price, £210, at Works. Literature on Request: Dealers Everywhere.

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A GOVERNMENT COMMISSION: Jack Moxon decorating the walls of the children's library in Francisco State College. He is one of many unemployed artists in America who are supported by the State through the medium of the W.P.A. (Works Progress Administration) and who justify their upkeep by doing work of public benefit

ARCHITECTURAL JIG-SAW: An unemployed woman artist piecing together a mosaic to adorn the University of California Art Museum. Another example of the manner in which San Francisco is finding useful tasks for the intelligent workless

A MURAL TAKES SHAPE: Edith Hamelin, a clever decorator who has found it impossible to earn an adequate living, has been engaged for some time past on wall decorations for San Francisco Mission High School as a return for the Government dole

Unemployment Relief with a Difference

How San Francisco Caters for Its Intelligent Workless

San Francisco is, in the matter of unemployment relief, one of the most progressive towns in the U.S.A., and in the W.P.A. (Works Progress Administration) it has built up a relief organisation which does not merely give support to those who are unemployed, but provides them with work which, from the community's point of view, justifies their upkeep, and eliminates at the same time the moral strain which unemployment brings in its train. The latter is specially of importance where artistic and intellectual professions are concerned. The W.P.A. has been able to find useful work for the unemployed intellectual workers it supports. Working together in small groups the unemployed writers and journalists are compiling a great compendium of the U.S.A., a kind of giant Baedeker, surveying the historical and contemporary development of the country. The painters work on similar lines, and an expert management organises the distribution of their products to public institutions. A striking example of the activity of these artists is provided by the embellishment of a recently built high school. The bare wall of its hall was considered to look rather unfriendly, and in order to improve this the Art Project obtained from the unemployed artists some designs for mural decorations. The best of the incoming designs was then submitted for approval, and when accepted work was begun. Thus the painters were able to demonstrate their abilities, and the public, which paid for their upkeep, received a legitimate benefit

A LONELY FUR TRADING POST IN NORTHERN MANITOBA: One of many outlying settlements in Canada to which personal wireless messages go winging every Saturday night. No man in the Far North need now feel cut off from his friends

Saturday Night in Canada's Far North

When Dwellers in the Outposts Receive Personal Radio Messages from their Friends and Relatives

THIS TRAPPER'S CABIN in the wilds of north Quebec has a radio tuned to a certain Canadian station every Saturday night when the neighbours sit round the loudspeaker and wait to hear messages from their people in the South

TO within 800 miles of the North Pole, at Craig Harbour, Ellesmere Island, the world's most northerly police post, personal radio messages go winging each Saturday night this winter as part of the service being given the remotest North Americans, who would otherwise be cut off from the world.

Radio listeners in the Canadian northland tune their radios each Saturday night to one of the thirty Canadian broadcasting stations relaying messages from mothers, fathers, sisters, or brothers, to someone in the isolated north. Hundreds of messages come to Ottawa for transmission to the mounted police, fur traders, nuns, missionaries, doctors, prospectors, trappers, mining engineers, spending the winter far north of the railway in Canada's Arctic and sub-Arctic regions.

Relatives and friends make Saturday night radio messages their contact through the winter months with the growing number of white men who live in the Far North. To some these messages are their only contact with relatives and friends outside till the next annual supply boat brings mail next summer. To others the messages are supplementary to the weekly or monthly air mail service.

The Saturday night messages have grown from a small beginning in the early days of broadcasting when few sets were to be found in the Far North. Then American stations carried the service to North America's most northern citizens. In recent years Canadian stations have developed the service as the northland has grown in population, and from the few broadcasts have come the weekly hour-long services from November to May over a chain of stations. This year's Friday evening supplementary service has been introduced to take care of the extra messages during the holiday season. The messages have grown in numbers, so that last year over 6,250 messages were broadcast.

LIVING ON THE ARCTIC RIM: Dr. and Mrs. A. G. MacKinnon at the Baffin Island medical post to which a boat comes only once a year. The weekly radio messages are a great boon to them

The messages come from all parts of the world. Many of the northerners hail from Great Britain, especially apprentice fur post clerks. Distant relatives avail themselves of the service of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, a Government-operated radio service, to keep in touch with homey news with their isolated sons, nephews, friends. From all parts of the Dominion and many parts of the United States messages flock to Ottawa for transmission. Messages are brief and limited to three to each northerner on each transmission, and frequently batches of messages have to be carried over from one week to the next, so many come to Ottawa. Messages are not sent to points which have telegraph service, but only to those mining camps, fur posts, police stations, medical outposts, where radio is the only means of communication.

THE LITTLE FATHERS OF THE NORTHLAND: French Canadian missionaries at Fort Resolution on the lonely shores of Great Slave Lake, North West Territories. One of the Quebec wireless stations keeps them in regular weekly touch with home

Reception is good in the Arctic. A recent check up in the eastern Arctic, the remotest area of all relying on annual supply ships, showed that out of some 900 messages more than half were perfectly received, and of the remainder only fourteen had not been heard, with the rest imperfectly picked up.

J. M.

SOUTHWARD TREK: C. B. Cochran, the creator, and A. P. (M.P.) Herbert, the author, of the Coronation revue, with Iris March (left), Roma June (second from left), and Sepha Treble (right) when the artistes arrived at St. Pancras after playing in the show's Manchester trial run. Since then Mr. Cochran has been busily at work preparing for the London production at the Adelphi Theatre

DRAMA AND BALLET

(Continued from page 174)

"Sweet Aloes" (Film).—Miss Joyce Carey's successful play, *Sweet Aloes*, which had a long run at Daly's, has been turned into a film. The process has proved the complete converse of that which involved another successful play, *Love from a Stranger*. In the latter case the film did not in the least distort the play—indeed, it was an admirable version—but was disappointing in that the chief part was played by Miss Ann Harding who remained placid and uninteresting and did not for a moment suggest that terrifying experiences were having the slightest effect on her; the superb performance on the stage by Miss Marie Ney in that part made the film all the more trying for those who had tried both.

Sweet Aloes, on the other hand, has been sadly messed about and an exaggerated and rather hysterical note introduced. But Miss Kay Francis as the leading lady is quite first class. She shows that the films can produce actresses—excellent from every point of view. But precious few of them.

PURVEYOR OF LAUGHS: Richard Hearne is at the top of his form in *Swing Along*, the Gaiety's entertaining musical show

The London Casino.—London's night life develops paradoxically. It was not so long ago that to snatch a bit o' food in Soho meant an evening on necessarily parsimonious lines. Say a half-crown *table d'hôte* and a bottle of Chianti—for there's an air of economical gaiety about a bottle of Chianti. That form of diversion is still obtainable in the neighbourhood.

But there is also in the neighbourhood the most splendatious, splendiferous, lavish, boundlessly bountiful institution of its type—the London Casino. Soho is the last part of London in which I would have expected to find a super-cabaret in which everything is so essentially and unmistakably super.

Of course, if you prefer to dine or sup in comparative peace you will go elsewhere; there are plenty of people who do not consider a luscious revue a suitable accompaniment to luscious food. But if you do take to the combination (which dates at least from Roman times, only the Romans took it lying down), here it is in the most ambitious form I have yet known it—and I have known it in New York, Chicago, Paris, Berlin, Bombay, Tahiti, and a small village near Godalming.

The present cabaret is, I think, better than its predecessor, and not only because it has cost more. There is some blatancy, inevitable in such circumstances. But there is also a successful attempt at artistic effect as apart from mere gorgeousness; various items are as daring as the law allows. Flowers and jewels are represented in human form, with Mlle Nita Carol carolling away in explanatory vein. The *Metal Machine Gold Number* shows what sex-appeal can do when added to the H. G. Wells Utopia business.

SALOME FOR ONE NIGHT: This was the experience of Else Schulz, a German singer, who at a moment's notice flew from Stuttgart by air and played in the last performance of the Strauss opera at Covent Garden, receiving at the close a tremendous ovation. It was her London debut and her opportunity to take the part arose through Hildagarde Ranczak having to return to Munich

MAINLY PERSONAL

THE PURITAN STYLE is evidenced in this remarkable costume now being displayed in a West End hotel at a show of American fashion creations. Not all of them are so quaint as this

EXHAUSTION: A competitor in the women's national junior cross-country championship faints in the arms of a spectator after passing the post. The race took place on Epsom racecourse

THE PUBLIC AID THE POLICE: Women taking part in the mass search for Mona Tinsley, the ten-year-old girl who, at the time of writing, has been missing for three weeks from her home at Newark and who is believed to have been last seen in the company of a man. Last Monday Scotland Yard was called in

A NEW IMPERIAL PRO-CONSUL: Lord Wakehurst, who was recently appointed Governor of New South Wales in succession to the late Admiral Sir David Murray Anderson, pictured with his family at his London home. During the great war, as Captain John de Vere Loder, he served in Gallipoli, Egypt, and Palestine, and from 1924 to June 1936, when he succeeded to the title, he was Conservative Member of Parliament, first for East Leicester and afterwards for East Sussex

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Week in, week out, the Society's work of caring for young children is carried on. In ninety-four years 33,500 poor boys and girls have been given a good start in life. There are now 1,100 children in the Society's various Homes and Training Ship and a large sum of money is required each week for the maintenance of this large family. Will you please help by sending a donation to the Society's Headquarters, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2

LINKING A GREAT HIGHWAY: Two of the bridges on the newly opened Berlin-Hanover section of the great motor road which, when finally completed, will run right across Germany from east to west and connect Belgium with Poland

THE KESTREL SPRITE RILEY

Driven and Described by

A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

ON many occasions I have driven Riley cars and have recounted my experiences in THE SPHERE. Without exception I have always handed back the car lent me with sincere regret. The other week-end was no exception because I was lent a Kestrel Sprite Riley and, although I expected something a bit out of the ordinary even for a Riley, I received a pleasant surprise. Although I have never driven a Sprite chassis before I had heard from people who had had this good fortune that it was a very lively automobile. When, however, the saloon was handed over to me it looked so innocent that I could not really believe that with a 1½-litre engine the quite roomy saloon was going to fly along at speeds close to the eighty mark.

When an open two-seater sports car that looks particularly rakish is given to me to drive, it seems but only natural that it should prove speedy, but when a saloon is handed over it is difficult to appreciate straight away that it is going to have a truly sports performance. Unlike many sports cars the engine of this Kestrel Sprite, which incidentally has four cylinders, is a masterpiece of silence, combined with power. I immediately noticed that there was none of that rattle which is usually associated with high-lift cams. At all speeds the engine was smooth and without fuss, a state of affairs which is accounted for in some measure by the provision of a three-bearing crankshaft.

This sports car has the usual Riley pre-selective gear box and works in conjunction with an automatic centrifugal clutch. Such easy controls are not usually associated with sports cars, but the combination of sports and touring practice was definitely pleasing.

On the road I found that the acceleration of the car was really pronounced, and the Riley gear-box allowed me to make full use of the engine. To get the best out of the car the gears had to be used, but then gear-changing is so perfectly simple that no one could possibly object to that. Although I did not actually reach the mystic eighty on the speedometer, I got mighty near to it, and I have no doubt that if I had had a longer run I would have found favourable circumstances which would have permitted that eighty to be accomplished. Speed, however, and even acceleration are not everything. The car sits on the road perfectly, the steering is without criticism, and the brakes really do their job. The car is also comfortable to ride in and is very completely equipped. Certainly, this Kestrel Sprite adds much to the Riley reputation, which has always stood high. The car, like others from the Riley factory, is a thoroughbred, and affords further proof that the manufacturer who has racing experience is able to give his products that indefinable quality which distinguishes the thoroughbred from the ordinary.

Just at the moment there is a very substantial exodus from this country to Switzerland, and a large number of these visitors have undertaken the journey by car. Many more might have travelled in the same way had they realised that the Swiss Government extends a 30 per cent. reduction on the price of petrol to motorists staying in the country for three days or longer. With this concession operating the price of petrol to visiting motorists works out at 1s. 3½d. per gallon. The rebate, so to speak, is obtained in a very simple manner, for upon entering the country the motorist is handed a petrol form. Each time petrol is taken into the tank at pump stations the form is presented for endorsement. Upon leaving Switzerland it is handed back to the Customs at the frontier, where the officials immediately make the refund. This concession is in operation until October 21 and so will be available to any motorist from this country who intends to tour abroad this spring or summer and includes Switzerland in the itinerary.

Quite recently one of the latest Austin Sevens was placed at my disposal and I drove it over all sorts of roads for about seven days. I think I can claim greater experience with an Austin Seven than with any other car and so it was a matter of considerable interest to me to drive one of the latest models. Outwardly the little car appears to have grown up but when the bonnet is lifted and the chassis inspected underneath it appears that the growing has not been so great as was originally thought. The dummy radiator pushed out in front is mainly responsible for this enlarged appearance, although I must confess that the inside of the saloon which I drove seemed roomier than before. My first impression of this Austin Seven was that it was more solid than previous models. This impression is no doubt due to the fact that the engine now boasts of a three-bearing crankshaft which steadies the car even more than might be expected. Needless to say, the extra bearing makes the engine far smoother and quieter, whilst I also noticed that sixty on the clock was comparatively easy to attain. The way the car took gradients made me believe that the engine is now giving out more power than in the past.

The next point of interest is the noticeable improvement in the brakes which are now of the Girling type. I was impressed with the gear-box which gives four forward speeds in addition to the customary reverse. Frankly, on such a low priced car, I did not expect to find a gear-box, the ratios of which could be changed so rapidly and easily without any noise whatsoever. Recent experience tells me that the word "synchromesh" does not always denote a simple, silent gear change. When applied to the latest Austin Seven it does however have that meaning. The suspension was good and the steering light and positive. It is really amazing what the owner of a small, low-priced car such as this Austin receives. For instance, head-lamp dipping is operated by a pedal in the floor boards, the windscreen can be opened, an electric windscreen wiper is provided and the front seats are adjustable. Now that I have driven one of these latest Austins I am not surprised at the number I see on the roads to-day.

It was announced recently by the directors of the Ford Motor Company Ltd., Dagenham, that all workers would be granted two weeks holiday with pay. Men employed at the vast Dagenham works already have the advantages of a five-day forty-hour week and wages that are amongst the highest in the industry. Proof of this is that more than 1,000 Ford employees own cars. Ford employees are among the best treated workers in the country. They have more leisure than the average worker and the Company provides excellent facilities for sport at the Ford Sports Club, where football (both codes), cricket, tennis, bowls, baseball, etc., are played in their respective seasons. The Sports Pavilion provides refreshments, dressing rooms, shower baths. In the winter months dances are held.

Mr. L. C. Ord, the well-known consultant in works lay-out and extensions, who has been acting in an advisory capacity to Riley (Coventry) Ltd., the car manufacturers, has accepted the position of General Manager, having entirely relinquished his consulting work. Interviewed recently, Mr. Victor Riley stated that the appointment was part of the development programme previously announced. "Mr. Ord brings to us a wide engineering and business experience gained through his past associations with leading industrial organisations such as Associated Equipment Co. Ltd., Beardmore, Humber-Hillman, Commer, London Midland and Scottish Railway Company, etc."

The need for active co-operation between car owner and manufacturer in their mutual interests, is stressed in a new booklet, entitled *Morris Service*, just published at Cowley. The booklet shows that there are upwards of 3,000 distributors and dealers, and 8,000 traders under agreement with the Morris Company to supply only genuine Morris spare parts. Moreover, Morris Motors, Ltd. issue a standardised list of repair charges, which are based on good workmanship and a fair return for the dealer. The booklet outlines a scheme of preventive maintenance by means of which Morris owners may obtain periodical inspection and adjustment services for quite a nominal charge. In addition, there is a staff of travelling service representatives who call upon distributors and dealers with a view to helping them with any special repair problem, while a school of instruction to which dealers may send members of their staffs for training is available at the works. Copies of the booklet may be obtained from Morris Motors, Ltd., at Cowley.

SOUTHWARD BOUND: Among the competitors for the classic Monte Carlo Rally are two R.A.F. Officers, Pilot Officer T. G. W. Appleby and Flying Officer J. J. McCarthy, who are driving the former's Talbot Ten Sports Tourer from John o'Groats, a distance of about 2,045 miles. Unlike most rally cars, this Talbot is fitted with very few special gadgets, the only one of importance being an electric de-froster to keep the windscreen free from snow and ice. Pilot Officer Appleby is seen above at the wheel of his car

Guy's Cliff, Warwick

This England

QUIET corners you will find throughout this England where surely a Romeo must have sought his Juliet; streets that must have echoed to the deep voices of the Ironsides, raised in a measured chant; courtyards where came good Mr. Pepys, perhaps, to try on a new coat with prodigious fine buttons. It may be that our past is the more near to us because we preserve so much of it in our daily lives. Do you not realise that it is more than flavour or fashion that gives zest to your Worthington—that as you savour it you render homage, however unconscious, to the centuries of fine English brewing of which it is the heir?

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There is good food at **Monte Carlo**

"BEASTS feed: man eats: the man of intellect alone knows how to eat," said Brillat Savarin, the gourmet's guide. It's a wise company, then, that gathers at Monte Carlo—for the food there is perfection.

Who that has once tasted it can forget the *madrilène* of Monte Carlo, rose-red and nectar to the palate? And what adventurer worthy of the name would not travel cross-continent to the Hôtel de Paris for *mostèle cambacérès*—a local fish existing only, it would seem, for the delectation of the greedy. Chef Rampoldi is the great man responsible, for that and other *créations de la maison—Filet de sole nonante huit, Poularde soufflée Hôtel de Paris, Filet de boeuf Prince Albert*—the variety is endless. If you can't decide for yourself, get Maître d'hôtel Broc to do it for you. He is your mentor at the Sporting Club or Café de Paris. At the Hôtel de Paris Messieurs Barroni and Lanteri will guide, advise and cherish you. And they know how to do it—they've been at it for 25 and 40 years respectively!

This winter the cost of living at Monte Carlo is cheaper than ever. In spite of the devaluation of the franc, hotel tariffs have not been increased, which means in English money a reduction of approximately 35 per cent. Railway fares and all other expenses show proportionate savings.

Visitors to the HOTEL DE PARIS, the HOTEL METROPOLE and the HOTEL HERMITAGE will continue to enjoy the advantages of the "pension tournante." This makes it possible for them to take their meals as they choose, either in their own Hotel or at the Café de Paris, or at the International Sporting Club.

There are good hotels to suit every purse, full particulars of which can be obtained from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Limited, and all Travel Agencies.

CALENDAR

FEBRUARY—APRIL 1937

SOCIAL EVENTS: GALAS at INTERNATIONAL SPORTING CLUB and HOTEL DE PARIS; Battle of Flowers, *March 6*; INTERNATIONAL REGATTAS during *March*; Flower Show, *March 28–April 4*; Dog Show, *April 3–4*; THEATRE—Season of Comedies and Operettas opened at Beaux Arts Theatre, *January 21*.

SPORT: Winter Sports at Beuil—Viking Cup and Primrose Cup, International Ski-jumping competition, *February 21*; Monte Carlo Country Club (Tennis), INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT (Butler Trophy and Beaumont Cup), *February 22–28*; Easter Tournament, *March 27–April 7*; Monte Carlo Golf Club—Windsor Challenge Cup, *February 13*; Sporting Club Cup, *February 20*; MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY, *January 30* to *February 3*.

MUSIC: Concerts—Mozart Festival (Conductor: Reynaldo Hahn), *February 3*; Charles PANZERA, *February 5*; Gioconda de VITO, *February 10*; Jacques THIBAUD, *February 17*; Sydney BEER and Walther GIESEKING, *February 19*; Richard STRAUSS, *March 12*; KREISLER, *March 17* and *19*; RACHMANINOFF, *March 24* and *26*; Bruno WALTER, *March 31*. OPERA—WAGNER'S "TRISTAN and ISOLDE," in German, by Bayreuth Opera Company, under Franz von Hoesslin, *February 2*; AUTORI and CHALIAPINE, as well as many other famous artistes, are appearing during the course of the season, which lasts till *April 10*.

TRAVEL NOTES FROM NEAR AND FAR

WATCH TOWER OF THE TAGUS: The Torre de Belem, one of Lisbon's most interesting old buildings, was completed in 1520—in the reign of Emmanuel—for the protection of the river, and is modelled on a design by Garcia da Resende, secretary of John II

Exceptional Facilities for Visitors to the Great Art and Industrial Display in Paris—Mr. Gilbert Scott and Cairo Cathedral

Winter Sports in France.—A recent article on this page surveyed the very numerous resorts from among which the intending visitor to France at this time of year may choose for winter sports. In this connection it may be of interest to mention the attractive booklet, entitled *Snows of France*, issued by the Centre National du Tourisme, obtainable from the travel agencies. Not content with advising you where to go, what to eat, to drink, and what to put on, this enterprising brochure includes a glossary of ski-ing terms for the benefit of the tyro, though the number of "Briançon falls" (which is so much more elegant a term than the expressive "Sitzmark") he will achieve in his first efforts will quickly dispel any illusions of proficiency his previous conversation founded on a study of this glossary may have created. Conscious of this, the Centre National places the term first on the list. In a comprehensive review covering ground from the Pyrenees to the Savoy it may be noted that the booklet points out that the skier in the Provençal Alps is within forty miles of the warm shores of the Riviera.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is, of course, answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

Merano is a delightful place and you will find it quite warm enough to enjoy the bathing in May. The best months for spring flowers are March and April, but of course you will find them at higher levels in May. It is an excellent centre for walks and motoring, and there is always plenty to do, including tennis and golf. There is quite a large English colony in Merano with an English church and library. The Regina and Excelsior are both very comfortable hotels; the former charges 55–65 lire for full pension and the latter 55–60 lire. The Excelsior is the larger of the two.

CORSICAN SHOW PLACE: An elaborately adorned mantelpiece in one of the apartments at Pozzo di Borgo, a famed château in the neighbourhood of Ajaccio

A smaller and cheaper hotel is the Principe Ereditario which charges 35 lire per day inclusive. Under separate cover we have sent you a pamphlet giving useful information.

The golf at St. Raphael-Valescure is excellent; there are two courses of nine and eighteen holes, and the fees are 135 francs per week. There is always a certain number of English people there and some amusements. There is certainly more wind at St. Raphael than at Cannes, but it would not be true to say that it is a very windy place. We are inclined to think that you would be happier at Cannes, as in addition to good golf, there are plenty of distractions for the non-golfer. In comparison St. Raphael is like a very large village, and in fact there are only 10,000 inhabitants. As you are doubtless aware, everything is done at Cannes to attract the visitor, and in mimosa time it is really lovely.

There are several excellent pensions in Cairo, and we can recommend the Hotel-Pension Suisse, 7, Sharia Antikana, where the inclusive terms are from 3 guineas weekly. The Gezira Guest House also is quite comfortable and charges from 3½ guineas weekly. The hotels are all expensive. All the principal tourist agencies in Cairo have their own special programmes of sightseeing, and, of course, the cheapest way would be for you to go on a conducted tour. If you prefer to go alone, any agency would make special arrangements for you. The most pleasant months for travel in Palestine are October, November, March, April, and May: but you will find it quite pleasant in December; actually, the early winter season begins on December 1 to January 31. As in Cairo, you will find no difficulty in seeing the country.

As you intend to study French Gothic architecture we agree that Rouen would be the most suitable centre as it would be much easier for you to get a direct service to any other centre you wish to see. Under separate cover we have sent you some literature which we trust will be of use to you. There is a small hotel at Roubaix, 53, rue d'Amiens, which has running water in all the rooms and the full pension terms are 26 francs per day. There is also the Louis XIII, 107, rue B., where the full pension terms are 25–50 francs per day. A somewhat larger and more expensive hotel is the Normandie, 9 et 11, rue de Bec, which charges 35 francs per day full pension. At each of these hotels you could have a room without board and they charge 10–18 francs, 15 francs, and 12–15 francs respectively.

CORONATION Year in Britain.—For the past eight years the Travel and Industrial Development Association of Great Britain and Ireland has published a calendar of events that are likely to be of particular interest to visitors from overseas, also including a mass of general information condensed into the smallest amount of space. In 1937 there are going to be more interesting events (and incidentally more visitors from overseas) than ever before, so that the demand for this year's calendar is likely to be fairly heavy. Anybody who is planning a visit to England for the Coronation or afterwards, and who wants to make the best of his time, would do well to get hold of a copy of it. The address of the Association is 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1.

The Paris Exhibition.—Exceptional facilities are being offered to visitors to France this year. These extend not only to those travelling to Paris itself but will also be accorded by the railway companies, air lines, and hotels over the entire country. Reductions of 50 per cent. on railway fares and reduced charges at hotels are certainly tempting; and for those who dislike travelling by air the new train-ferry service from Dover to Dunkirk must surely rob the Channel of most of its terrors. It is indeed pleasant to feel that one can get into bed in London with the knowledge that one will rest undisturbed till breakfast-time in Paris. It can safely be prophesied that many of the visitors to this country for the Coronation will take the opportunity of visiting Paris at her loveliest and gayest, and that many also will extend their visit to include a tour of France's delectable countryside. They will be well repaid. A programme of the exhibition and the magazine published by the General Committee are obtainable at any travel agency.

A New Landmark for Cairo.—Considering the length of Great Britain's association with Egypt, it is a little surprising that Cairo, the city which perhaps more clearly than any other marks the confluence of East and West, should not before now have had its Christian cathedral. It is however interesting to learn that the foundation stone has at length been laid, in the presence of the British High Commissioner (now Ambassador), soon after the time of Egypt becoming an independent kingdom. Even when the last British soldier has finally left Egyptian soil there will remain a large resident British community; and the new cathedral will inevitably be pointed out as a landmark of particular interest to English people. A fine site has been chosen facing the Nile; the architect is Mr. A. Gilbert Scott.

Drawn by Percy Horne

THE PARIS OF ANTIQUITY: The beautiful façade of historic Notre Dame rising above the Ile de la Cité—a sight that will be seen for the first time this year by many thousands of people making their maiden trip to the French capital for the International Exhibition

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," Illustrated House, 32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, will be promptly answered

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In Quest of

Places in the Winter a Wider

THIS week I want to explode a myth—perhaps I should say a series of myths. I want to take up the cudgels in defence of certain places in this country which are not getting the share of the winter trade they deserve, largely because the words north and east have such a frightening effect on people's minds.

Here is myth No. 1. Cornwall geographically is divided into south and north. Those on its south side have naught to complain of, for do we not at once conjure up in our minds thoughts of blue sea, waving palms, and white-washed Cornish cottages bathed in sunshine? A comforting thought to think that we may be leaving one day the fogs of London, the rain of Manchester, the gloom of the Black Country for such a climate! No matter if the sky is grey and the sun is shy when we arrive, it will be out to-morrow, for isn't the south the south always!

The places on the north Cornish coast (which can be accurately described as on the west Cornish coast) are not able to enjoy any such pictures of fancy. You at once assume that the winds are blowing, the rain descending, and the sun—well, it is just non-existent. What a myth!

I have on several occasions traversed the whole coast-line of Cornwall during the months of January and February and I defy anyone to detect any real difference in temperature between one place and another on its coast-line. It must be admitted that some places are more exposed than others. It can be agreed that it can blow good and hard, but there are so many coves, bays, and sheltered spots that one can be oblivious to the fact that winter is raging round the corner.

Last year about this time I can recall days when I wandered along the surf-sprayed sand at Bude hatless and not a hair out of place—lucky perhaps you may say, but the proof of my argument is substantiated almost any day by studying the weather reports in the daily Press.

During several days last week I noticed the temperature at Bude was 4 deg. warmer than in many of our well-known South Coast resorts and on one day Newquay—in certainly a more exposed position—was 1 deg. warmer than Bude. The truth is of course that whilst temperatures fluctuate in one place or another, a degree or two difference is neither here nor there; and if you would seek the places where the attractions to winter visitors are natural beauty and not municipal bands there is a great deal to be said for Bude and its neighbourhood.

The Grenville Hotel at Bude which is open all the year round is very first-class. While if you want something smaller of the residential type I would again recommend the Hartland Hotel, which with the Grenville is but a few minutes' walk from the sands. The golf at Bude is quite good enough for

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Bexhill-on-Sea.—Granville Hotel. Tel. 1437.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Riposo Hotel.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscombe (Bournemouth). Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth. Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Tel. 4171.
Brighton.—Old Ship Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth. Greenbank Hotel.
Godalming.—The Lake Hotel.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel Tel. 201.
Hinton (Hants.).—East Close Htl R.A.C. A.A.
Keswick, English Lakes.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Keswick, English Lakes.—The Borrowdale Htl.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6266.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Royal Glen Hotel. Tel. 221.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Fun that Deserve Patronage

the ordinary mortal, and if you have a car, well there is a wealth of history and beauty in the neighbourhood which can be inspected leisurely and pleasantly at this time of the year with not a tripper in sight.

But apart from Bude there are plenty of other places on this west coast of Cornwall where you will find most comfortable and, in some cases, almost luxurious quarters. Only last week I received a letter from a lady who had taken my advice and stayed at the Treglos Hotel at St. Merryon. She wrote on January 14 as follows :—

"I have been here for a fortnight. It is one of the most comfortable hotels I have ever stayed in. For a hotel the table appointments are so unusually dainty, it is like home. The staff is excellent, and the bedrooms beautifully furnished, so comfortable." And so on.

This is just an example of another good hotel on this west Cornish coast which deserves to be full—even in February.

And now for myth No. 2. What a handicap resorts on our East Coast labour under, largely due to the fact that the very thought of an east wind sends a shiver down our spines. Now I agree that it does require a certain hardiness of constitution to deliberately settle down in winter at places ranging, say, from Whitby to Deal, but there are occasions, quite frequent occasions, when during a spell of fine weather there is a great deal to be said for a long week-end at Scarborough, Cromer, Clacton, and Westcliff near Southend.

At Cromer on the day before I am writing the temperature was 50 deg., exactly the same as that of Worthing on the same day. At Margate it was 51 deg., whilst at Scarborough the lowest temperature recorded on the coast was only 3 deg. less. A fact that is not generally recognised is that the East Coast has less rain than any other part of the country, so if you were to act on my suggestion and watch for your spell of fine weather I can gladly suggest hotels at which you can stay, as for example :—

The Grand at Cromer, the Royal Pavilion at Scarborough, the Westcliff at Westcliff, the Towers at Clacton. So one could go on, but the point I principally want to make is that while people naturally do not want to make long treks to such places in the winter months, there *are* plenty of people—within easy train or motoring distance—who at present are inclined to shun them, simply because they are labelled "east" instead of "south."

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.*

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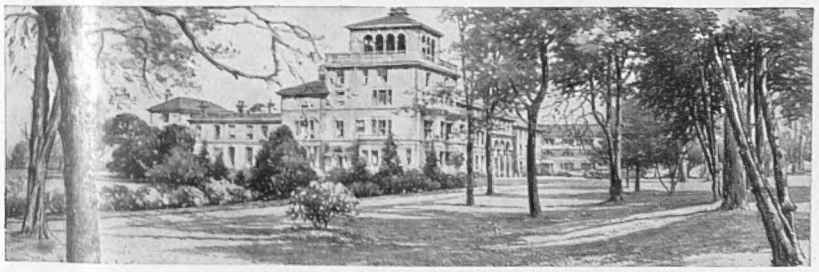

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"COLON" AND ARAB

(Continued from page 165)

along the coast. Whence besides Osaka does the supply emanate? Odessa? Antwerp? Hamburg? Genoa?

Morocco was depicted so recently in these pages as "Lyautey's Luxury Legacy" that I shall merely risk saying that it is much of a replica of Algeria but not so combustible or immediate in its possibilities of trouble. It exhibits the same problems, deadlocks, and reactions, with bitterness towards the French "colons" linked to hatred of the Jew as the theme song of a fervent Muslim nationalism no doubt subtly fed, steered, and stimulated by agents of those foreign Powers which have seen fit to add so atrociously to the Spanish shambles.

French fears of German secret agents operating among the Moors are almost certainly justified. The Germans were always good at this sort of thing with Muslims. Reading through the foregoing I realise that I have painted a dark and not very complimentary picture. Yet one is at ease knowing full well that thinking Frenchmen increasingly prefer to out-with-the-truth. After all, the Fascists and the Nazis know what is in the wind so why should not others, friendlier disposed to France and more likely to be drawn into her troubles, on her side?

As the immediate danger point, Algeria is being considered with a view to granting the suffrage to a limited, educated Arab stratum, together with an increasing admission of this into the public services. At best such could be but a palliative. It seems obvious that if and when the present foreign menace passes (policy must, of course, at this stage be directed by that menace) the French will have to do some hard thinking about their North African possessions if they are to retain these. Something more than the existing Mediterranean High Commission will be indicated. These fertile, thrusting territories will simply have to be allowed to go ahead economically.

THROUGH RED SPAIN TO MALAGA

(Continued from page 167)

vigorously and becomes, as it were, respectable. The broad streets and high, well-built houses, the severe frontages of hotels, the sombre cafés, and undistinguished shops, are all rather dull. Behind these, in the direction of the river, a less self-conscious city re-appears in the form of narrow *calles* overhung by balconies.

Malaga puts on her finest raiment where she faces the sea. There is the port, well protected by artificial moles. There, too, the resort. The harbour is fringed with alamedas and paseos planted with evergreens palms and gay, ornamental gardens. Here it used to be customary to walk or drive at the proper hours of the day. And I suppose the time will come when it will again be customary to walk or drive along those fragrant promenades.

Pastures and rich fields of maize, sugar cane, beans, figs, grapes, melons, oranges, and vegetables, extend from the back of Malaga to the base of the far hills. The vega is excessively rich. Riding through it, with the snowy sierras in the distance, one can almost fancy oneself in Java. It is almost tropical. One gets the impression that one has only to fling a few seeds about to have a rich garden. No wonder Franco wants it. No wonder the reds are determined to keep it at all costs.

THE SILENT WAY IN AN AGE OF NOISE

(Continued from page 172)

centres of the South. At the southern end the traffic can be divided into two categories—the canal boats which receive their cargoes from steamers in the Regent's Canal Dock and proceed to the Midlands; secondly there is the barge traffic which comes in from the River Thames or receives cargoes from ships in the dock destined for wharves in the London area. Hundreds of thousands of tons of merchandise pass along this section of the canal, chiefly coal, timber, straw-boards, iron, building materials, and oils.

As you proceed towards Brentford, cargoes of timber and beer and paper are dealt with. At St. Pancras there are tips available for discharging coal from the L.M.S. At St. Marylebone there is the L. and N.E.R. goods wharf. At Paddington Basin there are twenty wharves occupied by huge concerns like Shell Mex. Large quantities of parish refuse also are loaded into craft here; and sand from Leighton Buzzard and building materials from other points on the canal are unloaded for distribution by lorry to all parts of London. And so it goes, past Kensal Green, where the Gas Light and Coke Company has its coal discharged. The L.M.S. also has its coal tips near by.

At Brentford huge quantities of cement and thousands of tons of tinned goods are dealt with; more gas and electricity undertakings receive their supplies of coal at Uxbridge; at Fenny Stratford quantities of farina and sugar are landed; at Cosgrove there are extensive sand and gravel pits, the owners of which send their consignments by canal; then comes the Blisworth Tunnel which is nearly two miles long. At Weedon there is a dock owned by the War Office. Stockton is the centre of the cement industry, and also an area largely devoted to the manufacture of bricks and tiles. These products are admirably suited for conveyance by canal, and thousands of tons pass annually to various centres. In the Leamington area large quantities of grain are handled by the canal.

Finally we reach Birmingham. The canal system of England is in the form of a great St. Andrew's Cross of which the Grand Union Canal forms route 1 and part of route 2. At its extremities are London, Bristol, Liverpool, and Hull, the four arms converging at Birmingham. Every kind of industry in the Birmingham area uses the canals.

I have not the space to take you further. But this seems evident—the canals offer almost unlimited facilities for locating factories in rural districts and so improving the health and the strength and industrial progress just at a time when the congestion in industrial districts so badly needs relief.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

(Continued from page 176)

to it I daresay you will do very well," he said, "... but Stanley will be the next Prime Minister."

Disraeli, in common with other young men of less brilliant attainments, lent a respectful, but not necessarily an attentive ear to the dictums of his elders and his meteoric career began not long afterwards. YOUNG MR. DISRAELI (Constable. 7s. 6d.) is Miss Elswyth Fane's version of Disraeli's formative years, from the Disraeli of twenty, a lawyer's clerk with novel-writing ambitions, to the splendid figure of Disraeli at thirty-four, his maiden speech in Parliament behind him and his marriage the next step in his worldly progress.

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Disraeli has often been criticised at this point in his career for his marriage to Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, a woman many years older than himself, whose considerable fortune seemed to her contemporaries to account for the young man's proposal. Miss Fane's book is—more than a colourful narrative—a vindication of what appears to her as a very sincere affection.

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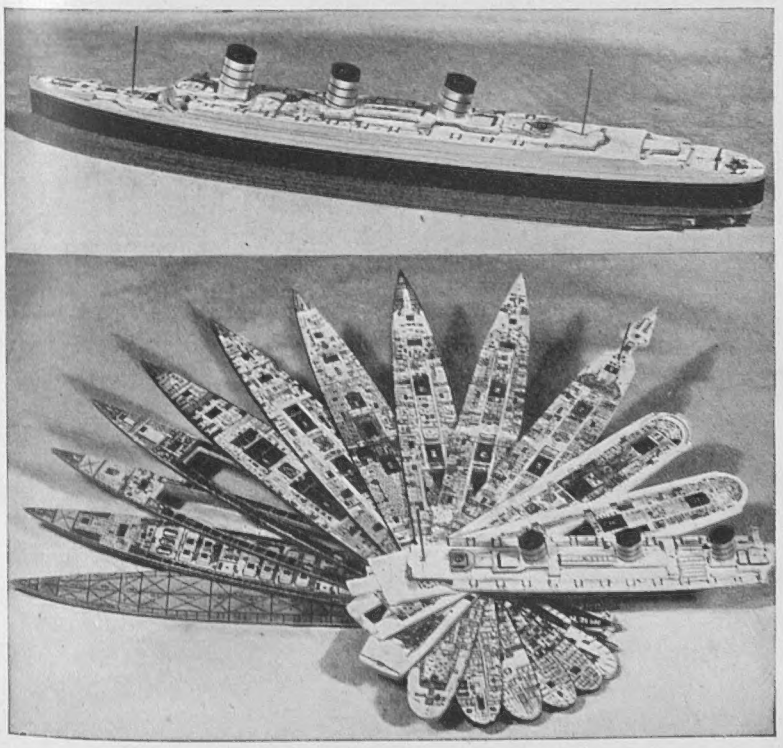

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